

# THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS

The illustration at the top of the masthead is divided into two scenes. On the left, a horse stands in a stable, with a barrel and some equipment nearby. On the right, a room is shown with a table, a chair, and some papers or books on the table.

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**MR. F. H. BELLEW**, the New Baritone, pupil of Mr. C. J. Bishenden, the celebrated bass, will shortly make his FIRST APPEARANCE in OPERA-BUFFE in London.

**MISS KATE SANTLEY'S PROVINCIAL TOUR.**  
In consequence of the unequalled success of Mr. Frederic Clay's new opera, CATTARINA, Miss Santley has decided to prolong her Tour. Unexampled success of Miss Santley's new song, "It is so like the Men." Trebly encored in Mr. Clay's new opera, CATTARINA.

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Belfast. | Glasgow. | &c. &c. &c. to follow.  
Business Manager, T. S. AMERY.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.**—CALENDAR for Week ending  
NOVEMBER 14th, 1874.

TUESDAY, Nov. 10th.—Goldsmith's Comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer*. Messrs. C. Wyndham, Lionel Brough, &c.

THURSDAY, Nov. 12th.—Boucicault's Comedy, *London Assurance*.

SATURDAY, Nov. 14th.—Sixth Concert. Madame Otto Alvsleben, Mr. Santley, &c.

MONDAY TO FRIDAY, One Shilling; SATURDAY, Half a Crown, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

**MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, BAKER-STREET.**—NOW ADDED, PORTRAIT MODELS of the Duchess of EDINBURGH, the Czar of Russia, Sir Garnet Wolseley, the three Judges in the Tichborne Trial, Cockburn, Mellor, and Lush; the Shah of Persia, Marshal MacMahon, and the late Mr. Charles Dickens.—Admission, 1s.; children under ten, 6d.; Extra Rooms, 6d.—Open from nine a.m. till ten p.m.

**ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.**  
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## THEATRES.

**THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.**—

Sole Lessee and Manager, F. B. Chatterton.—Immense success of RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION. Every Evening at 6.45, NOBODY IN LONDON. At 7.45, RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION.—Mr. James Anderson, Mr. R. Dolman, Mr. W. Terriss, and Mr. Creswick; Miss Wallis and Miss Bessie King. To conclude with HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE.—F. Evans and Troupe. Prices from 6d. to £5 5s. Doors open at 6.30. Commence at 6.45. Box-office open from Ten till Five daily.

**ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.**—Mr. Henry Neville, Lessee and Manager.—Crowded Houses and enormous success of THE TWO ORPHANS, the greatest drama of the day. EVERY EVENING, at 7.30, THE TWO ORPHANS, adapted from the French by John Oxenford. New scenery, dresses, and decorations. Mr. Henry Neville and Miss Fowler; Mesdames Ernestine, Huntley, C. Harcourt, A. Taylor, and Charles Viner; Messrs. Wm. Rignold, C. Harcourt, Sugden, Voltaire, Roland, and Atkins. Preceded, at 7, by TWENTY MINUTES WITH A TIGER.—Doors open at 6.30. Box office open daily from 11 to 5. No fees for booking. Prices from 6d. to £3 3s. Free list entirely suspended.

**THE TWO ORPHANS**, in six acts and eight tableaux, EVERY EVENING, at 7.30. Preceded, at 7, by TWENTY MINUTES WITH A TIGER. Doors open at 6.30. Box office open daily from 11 to 5. No fees for booking. Prices from 6d. to £3 3s. Free list entirely suspended.

**LYCEUM.**—HAMLET.—Mr. Henry Irving.—After months of preparation this great play will be produced THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING, at eight o'clock, with new scenery by Messrs. Hawes Craven and Cuthbert. New dresses and appointments, &c. And the characters by the following ladies and gentlemen: Messrs. HENRY IRVING, T. Swinbourne, Chippendale, Compton, E. Leathes, G. Neville, T. Mead, H. B. Conway, F. Clements, Beveridge, &c.; Miss G. Pauncefort and Miss Isabel Bateman (her first appearance this season). Preceded, at seven, with FISH OUT OF WATER. Mr. Compton. Conclude with THE DUMB BELLE.—Box office open ten till five. Doors open at 6.30. Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. L. Bateman.

**HAMLET.**—TO-NIGHT.—Ladies and gentlemen who have secured seats will deeply oblige the management and consult their own comfort by taking their places before the rise of the curtain at eight o'clock.—LYCEUM THEATRE.

**GLOBE THEATRE**, Newcastle Street, Strand.—Manager, Mr. Francis Fairlie.—Enthusiastic reception of the Drama and Opéra-Bouffe. EAST LYNNE at 7, VERT-VERT at 9. Characters by Messrs. George Barrett, Leonard Boyne, Frank Wood, Handspeith, Swift, Gordon, Coels, H. R. Teesdale, &c.; Mesdames Ada Ward, Marie Parselle, Stephens, Thérèse de Valery, Louisa Payne, Marie Bramah, Norrie Jordan, Lilian Adair, Egerton, Murielle, and Camille Dubois. Full Band and Chorus of Sixty.—Doors open at 6.30. Commence at 7. Prices from 6d. to £3 3s. Places may be secured at the Box office of the theatre daily, between 11 and 5, and at all the Libraries.

**VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.**—Enormous Success of the Revival of TWO ROSES. On Monday and during the week, at Half past Seven, LEGACY LOVE. At Eight, James Albery's admired Comedy, TWO ROSES. Concluding with a new Musical Improbability, entitled GREEN OLD AGE, by R. Reece. Supported by Messrs. William Farren, Thomas Thorne, Charles Warner, Edward Righton, Hannaford, Lestocq, Austin, and David James; Mesdames Amy Roselle, Kate Bishop, Nelly Walters, Cicely Richards; and Sophie Larkin.—Acting Manager, Mr. D. M'Kay.

**CHARING CROSS THEATRE.**—LYDIA THOMPSON.—The Success of the Season.—Third Week of Farnie's Oriental Extravaganza of BLUE BEARD. Powerful cast, charming music. Preceded, at 7.45, by CLEVER SIR JACOB.

**MR. H. B. FARNIE'S BLUE BEARD**, at the CHARING CROSS THEATRE, has now settled down for a long and successful run. The charming acting, singing, and dancing of Miss Lydia Thompson, the broad humour of Mr. Lionel Brough, the Heathen Chinee of Willie Edouin, the Protean changes of Mr. John Morris, the exquisite finish of Miss Atherton, the brightness of Miss Kathleen Irwin, the ruddy beauty of Miss Topsy Venn, and the brilliant costumes, capital scenery, and taking music, combine, under Mr. Henderson's able management, to attract everybody in town.—The Hornet, Oct. 7.

**BLUE BEARD**, by Farnie.—The 487th Night of its performance by Miss LYDIA THOMPSON and her company. Notice.—To avoid disappointment and inconvenience, seats should be secured in advance.—Box-office open from ten to five, and at all libraries.

**MARYLEBONE THEATRE.**—Three minutes from Edgware Road Station, Metropolitan Railway. Mr. J. A. CAVE, LESSEE AND MANAGER. THE STOLEN JEWESS, a success unparalleled. The crowded audiences testify by their continued applause their great appreciation of Hazlewood's chief-d'œuvre. Powerful cast. New and beautiful scenery. Conclude with the celebrated drama of THE WILL AND THE WAY. Saturday next, Grand Firework night, GUY FAWKES. Monday, Boucicault's great drama, NANA SAHIB, THE MONSTER OF CAWNPORE; or, JESSY BROWN and the RELIEF of LUCKNOW. Detachment of soldiers, Highland pipers, &c.—Gallery 4d. Pit 6d. Boxes and stalls 1s. Private boxes from 5s.

**ALHAMBRA THEATRE ROYAL.**—Production of Offenbach's LE ROI CARROTTE. Libretto by Henry S. Leigh.

**ALHAMBRA.**—Offenbach's Grand Opéra-Bouffe, LE ROI CARROTTE. Principal artists: Miss Elsie Weber (her first appearance here), Mdlle. Rose Bell, Lennox Grey, M. Barrie; Messrs. Harry Paulton, Melbourne, Worboys, Clifton, &c. &c.

**ALHAMBRA.**—Reappearance of Mdlle. Sara in the celebrated Rustic Quadrille in Act 2nd of LE ROI CARROTTE.

**ALHAMBRA.**—Grand Spectacle. Magic Effects. Grand Ballets in LE ROI CARROTTE. Prices as usual. Box office open from 11 to 11. No charge for booking.

**NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,**  
BISHOPSGATE. THIRD WEEK.  
PROPRIETORS AND MANAGERS, MESSRS. JOHN AND RICHARD DOUGLASS. Immense Success of Andrew Halliday's Great Drury Lane Drama, AMY ROBERTS. Scenery by Mr. Richard Douglass. Miss Agnes Bouvier, Miss Eleanor Burton, Mr. James Bennett, Mr. Pennington, and a powerfully selected Company. Every evening at 7. Conclude with THE SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM.

**PHILHARMONIC THEATRE.**—Manager, Mr. SHEPHERD.—Grand Operatic Triumph. At 7.30, Comedietta. 8.20, Lecocq's last Great Opera, GIROFLE-GIROFLA. Miss JULIA MATTHEWS; Mesdames Jenny Pratt, Everard, and Manetti; Messrs. W. H. Fisher, E. M. Garden, J. Murray, and E. Rosenthal. Gorgeous costumes; splendid scenery by F. Lloyds. Conductor, M. RIVIERE. The only Theatre in which this Grand Opera can be performed. Private Boxes and Fauteuils at all the Libraries.

**MISS JULIA MATTHEWS**  
will appear as GIROFLE-GIROFLA,  
Every Evening, at the  
PHILHARMONIC THEATRE.

**ROYAL COURT THEATRE.**—Every Evening. Doors open at 7, commence at 7.30 with PEACOCK'S HOLIDAY. Mr. W. J. Hill. At 8.30, BRIGHTON. Miss Litton, Mesdames Edith Challis, Rose Egan, Alicia Della, M. Davis, and Mrs. Chippendale; Mr. Charles Wyndham, Messrs. Edgar Bruce, W. J. Hill, Clifford Cooper, C. Steyne, Russell, Bentley, Vincent, &c.—Acting Manager, Mr. Charles Walter.

**PAVILION THEATRE.**—Lessee, Mr. Morris Abrahams.—Entire Change of Performance, and Renewal of Two Powerful Dramas, LILY DALE, and THE FRUITS OF CRIME. Every evening at Seven, LILY DALE, powerful cast; and to conclude with FRUITS OF CRIME. The above Dramas will be supported by Messrs. F. Thomas, G. Yates, R. Leslie, specially engaged, H. Lynn, Warburton, Bedford J. Clifton, Morrison; and Mesdames M. Foster, H. Clifton, Lottie Reynolds, Murray, Simpson, and Miss Jenny Grainger. On Wednesday, Miss M. Foster's Benefit. On Saturday next, THE FLYING SCUD.—Isaac Cohen, Stage Manager.

**SURREY.**—THIS EVENING, at 7.45, the Powerful Nautical Drama, SHIP AHOY. Messrs. John Nelson, Henry Forrester, James Fawn, Joseph Plumpton, H. C. Sidney, F. Shepherd, W. Stacey, &c.; Misses Adelaide Ross, Lavis, Margaret Cooper, &c. To commence, at 7, with DID YOU EVER SEND YOUR WIFE TO CAMBERWELL? And the entertainments conclude with the screaming Farce, TURN HIM OUT.—Treasurer, Mr. C. Holland. Secretary, Mr. Thomas B. Warne.

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## THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON: SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1874.

## The Drama.

SATURDAY last, the 31st October, will be long memorable in theatrical annals as the date of Mr. Henry Irving's brilliant success in *Hamlet* at the Lyceum. Never since Mr. Fechter's first essay in a Shakspearian character, some thirteen years ago, at the Princess's, has any dramatic event given rise to such universal discussion, or been looked forward to with such intense interest by all classes of playgoers, as this laudably ambitious attempt of the accomplished actor who had of late made such vast strides in his art by his highly intellectual and finished impersonations of 'Mathias,' 'Eugene Aram,' 'Charles I.,' and 'Philip.' So keen was the curiosity to witness the first representation, every box, stall, and seat available on the box-sheet were booked weeks previously, and on Saturday, for hours before the doors opened, crowds assembled around the entrances to pit and gallery far in excess of the number their capacity could accommodate. Contenting ourselves with here chronicling the triumphant success of Mr. Irving as evidenced by the enthusiasm and unanimity of applause with which the crowded and unusually discriminating audience greeted the impersonation throughout, we refer our readers to the detailed criticism of the performance which appears in another column.

On Saturday evening also was produced at the Vaudeville Mr. Reece's "new and original musical improbability," entitled *Green Old Age*, to which *Creations of Impulse* has given place. The new trifle is most amusing and mirth-provoking from the humorous acting of Messrs. James and Thorne, who, as two young husbands jealous of their better halves, are subjected, when disguised respectively as a Chelsea pensioner and a veteran from Greenwich Hospital, to a salutary lesson by their wives to cure them of their ill-founded suspicions.—This will also be found noticed in another page, as also the new entertainment by the two brothers Henry and Walter Wardroper, with which Messrs. Spiers and Pond inaugurated their Great Hall at the Criterion as a place of public amusement, on Monday evening last.

At the Alhambra, *The Demon's Bride* was represented for the last time on Saturday, to give place to a revival of Mr. Leigh's version of *Le Roi Carotte*, which was reproduced on Monday with all its original spectacular splendour and picturesque ballets, &c., the parts being represented by Miss Elise Weber, Miss Lennox Grey, Mdlle. Rose Bell, and Messrs. Melbourne, Clifton, Worboys, and Harry Paulton. Mdlle. Pertoldi replaces Mdlle. Pitteri as principal danseuse, and Mdlle. Sara and her troupe resume their fantastic quadrille in the minor incidental ballet.—And on Wednesday the standing programme at the Gaiety of *Love Apple* and *The Island of Bachelors* was strengthened by the production of Mr. Byron's new farcical piece, entitled *Oil and Vinegar*, which shall be noticed next week.

The last representation of *The School for Scandal* at the Prince of Wales's took place last evening, and to-night will be produced, for the first time, Mr. Gilbert's "original dramatic contrast," under the title of *Sweethearts*, in conjunction with a revival of Mr. Robertson's comedy *Society*, Mr. Hare's part in the former being filled by Mr. Archer, and in the latter by Mr. Coghlan.—Mr. McDonough's management of the Holborn Amphitheatre came to an abrupt termination on Saturday last, but the theatre has been carried on by the leading members of the company as a commonwealth, with *Melusine* as the principal item in the programme, preceded by *The Blind Beggars*.—Taking advantage of the revival of interest in the Indian mutiny, arising from the reported capture of Nana Sahib, the manager of the Britannia Theatre has reproduced Mr. Boucicault's drama, *Jessie Brown*, or *the Relief of Lucknow*, first brought out some years ago at Astley's, when under Mr. Boucicault's management, and on Monday next Mr. Cave revives the same drama at the Marylebone.—The current programmes of the other theatres remain unchanged.

The present representations of English comedies at the Crystal Palace, under the direction of Mr. Charles Wyndham, seem to be a greater success than the previous series, and prove highly attractive to the residents of Sydenham and neighbourhood. *The Hunchback* was repeated on Tuesday, with the same cast as last week, and on Thursday Tobin's *Honeymoon* was performed, supported in the principal characters by Messrs. W. H. Vernon, Atkins, Teesdale, and Charles Wyndham, and Misses Alice Ingram, E. Vining, and Ellen Terry.

The season of promenade concerts at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, terminates to-night, with the benefit of the manager, Mr. John Reeves; and Messrs. Hamilton's interesting entertainment descriptive of "Transatlantic excursions," in the same building, closes on Monday next; on which day Dr. Lynn was to have resumed his marvellous display of feats of illusion at the Egyptian Hall, but the alterations and redecorations which his hall is undergoing not being completed, he is compelled to postpone the reopening for another week.—On Monday evening, Miss Annie Eva Fay, the American medium, commences, at her new drawing-room, adjoining Hengler's Royal Cirque, in Argyll Street, Oxford Circus, a series of *séances* similar to those she gave at the Crystal Palace and Hanover Square Rooms last July and August.

Mr. HERMAN VEZIN will join the Gaiety company during Mr. Phelps' engagement there at Christmas.

THEIR Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Czarewitsch honoured the St. James's Theatre with their presence on Thursday evening last week; and on Saturday evening their Royal Highnesses visited the Charing Cross Theatre, accompanied by H.I.H. the Czarewitsch and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, both of whom had already witnessed the performance of *Blue Beard* the previous Wednesday.



### MR. F. H. BELLEW, THE NEW OPÉRA-BOUFFE BARITONE.

MR. F. H. BELLEW, whose portrait we present to our readers this week, was born in Birmingham, in the year 1853, and educated in the public school of his native town, with a view to one of the learned professions. Mr. Bellew—after remaining for some time undecided as to his future course in life—yielded at last to the repeated solicitations of a number of friends (not a few of whom are well-known disciples of the sock and buskin), who, observing in the subject of our notice a voice of great promise, an engaging appearance, and rare powers of mimicry, strongly advised him to adopt the stage as a profession, which he accordingly did. He placed himself under the tuition of Mr. C. J. Bishenden (author of "The Voice and How to Use It"), and in due time the predictions of the Birmingham critics as to the capabilities of his voice—which is a baritone of exceptionally fine quality and extensive range—were abundantly verified. We have only to add that Mr. Bellew will, in the course of the present season, make his *début* in opéra-bouffe on a metropolitan stage, and there can be no doubt of his achieving that measure of success to which, from his undoubted talents and careful training, he is justly entitled. The portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Fradelle and Marshall, 230, Regent Street.

### VAUDEVILLE THEATRE. GREEN OLD AGE.

A MERRIER, brighter, or more amusingly humorous little piece has not been seen on the stage for a long time than Mr. Reece's "new and original musical improbability" produced at the Vaudeville on Saturday evening, under the title of *Green Old Age*. The plot of the amusing trifle, which is neatly constructed, and so brisk and close in action that it never for an instant flags, treats of the old theme of curing jealousy by woman's ingenious stratagem, and the ludicrous but genuine fun with which it abounds arises from the whimsical situations and mental agonies compulsorily undergone, during the process, by the two young husbands, who have disguised themselves, for the purpose of secretly observing the movements of their pretty wives. The action takes place in a bright rural scene, charmingly painted by Mr. Maughan; at either side is a pretty cottage, occupied respectively by old Tom, from Greenwich Hospital, and old Joe, a Chelsea pensioner—both great favourites with all the villagers and confidants with some of the rustic lovers of the district. Here enter Mrs. Poodle and Mrs. Noodle, who mutually bewail the groundless jealousy of their husbands. They are soon joined by two young officers, Lieut. Fife, of the Army, and Lieut. Masters, of the R.N., whom, on recognising as their respective brothers, they tenderly embrace, and acquaint them with their domestic trouble. To punish the offending husbands and cure them of their jealousy, the quartet determine that the brothers, who are as yet unknown to the husbands, shall pass themselves off as lovers, and they depart to carry out their stratagem. This interview and apparent flirtation have been witnessed by the jealous husbands, who, unknown to each, hit upon and adopt the same expedient for secretly observing the actions of their wives. Noodle first induces old Joe to proceed to a neighbouring town to compete for a prize, to be given to the oldest inhabitant, and disguises himself as the Chelsea veteran; and Poodle follows the same plan with old Tom, and dresses up as the ancient mariner. Here ensues a succession of whimsical actions on the part of the masqueraders to conceal their identity from each other, and sustain their respective assumptions. Mr. Noodle cribs his military phrases and recollections from a novel of Whyte Melville, while Mr. Poodle has constantly to refresh his vocabulary of sea jargon and naval reminiscences by reference to a volume by Captain Marryatt, the results being an intensely ludicrous jumbling of dates, events, and heroes, both military and naval; but their real troubles and mental tortures have yet to come, for their wives, who have discovered their scheme, now enter accompanied by their pretended lovers, and indulge in the hottest flirtations before the very eyes of their disguised lords and masters, who dare not reveal their identity. The suffering Benedicts have to endure numerous other and comic embarrassments. Mrs. Noodle has brought poor old Joe some of his favourite tobacco, and thrusts the repulsive quid into the poor old fellow's mouth with her own dainty fingers, while Poodle is reluctantly compelled to swallow a dose of nauseous medicine tenderly administered by his wife to alleviate old Tom's distressing cough. When their powers of endurance are high exhausted, the tables are suddenly turned for a brief time on the wives, by the entrance of two of the village maidens, between whom and their sweethearts the old pensioners had acted as mediums of communicating, and their confidential manner with the disguised veterans raises the jealousy of the now incensed wives. However, matters are soon set to rights by the return home of the real pensioners, which clears up the suspicions of the wives. The young officers are introduced by Mrs. Noodle and Mrs. Poodle as their brothers; the husbands are convinced of the folly of their groundless jealousy, and universal happiness is restored all round. No detail of the plot or description can convey any idea of the comic whimsicality or mirth-producing effect of this scene between the disguised husbands—it must be seen to be at all apprehended; and it is acted in the highest vein of humour by Messrs. James and Thorne, both of whom give full scope to their powers of drolery, while restraining them within judicious and legitimate bounds. Miss Amy Roselle and Miss Kate Bishop, both fascinating, and very elegantly and tastily dressed, represented the two pretty wives with charming spirit and vivacity, and sang with pleasing grace and expression a simple and melodious duo, the composition of Mr. Reece himself. Miss Nelly Walters and Miss Cicely Richards looked well in their becoming uniforms as the young officers whom they commendably personated, and the minor characters are well supported in the little they have to do. In addition to the duo just mentioned, and two or three short and graceful concerted pieces supplied by Mr. F. Clay, Mr. Thorne has a lively song, "I won't give way to jealousy," Mr. James a quasi-sentimental air by L. Arditti, "They ask me if I am jealous"; but the leading attraction of the musical embellishments, and which creates quite a *furor*, is a medley duet, capitably rendered by Messrs. James and Thorne in their disguise, and consisting characteristically of snatches of naval and military songs, delivered by each successively, and terminating with "The British Grenadiers," and "Rule Britannia," as an *ensemble*. *Green Old Age* must be pronounced a most deserved and unwonted success. The revived comedy, *Two Roses*, continues undiminished in its attractiveness, and is likely to remain the *pièce de résistance* in the bills of the house for a considerable time longer.

### THE CRITERION GREAT HALL.

#### THE WARDROPER ENTERTAINMENT.

MESSRS. SPIERS AND POND, having obtained, from the magistrates, the necessary licence for the Great Hall of the Criterion, their palatial establishment at Piccadilly Circus, have transformed that spacious, nobly proportioned, and magnificently decorated

saloon, hitherto appropriated to annual regimental and other large banquets, into a very elegant and commodiously arranged concert hall for public entertainments. A very handsome and richly draped proscenium separates a very elegantly decorated stage, erected at the east end of the hall, from the commodiously arranged auditorium, divided into stalls, reserved seats, and area, as at the St. James's Hall. Graceful statuary fills up spaces at either sides of the proscenium, and in front of the raised stage are arranged a collection of ferns and rare exotics; while five sunlights in the lofty dome shed a brilliant but from their high elevation an agreeably diffused light over all. This magnificent hall was inaugurated as a place of public amusement on Monday evening with an entertainment, of the Woodin and Maccabe type, by the two brothers Henry and Walter Wardroper, who have been exhibiting for some time in Liverpool and elsewhere in the provinces, and now, we believe, make their first appearance in the Metropolis. The entertainment consists of delineations of a number of types of character—men and women—by the two brothers, who in their numerous assumptions display remarkable versatility, mimetic power, and dramatic as well as musical ability. The rapidity with which the several changes are made is absolutely startling, and forms a leading feature in the performance; and equally clever are the completeness and effectiveness of the various disguises, and changes in face, voice, and manner, characteristic of each new impersonation. The first part of the entertainment is styled "an original sketch, arranged to give an opportunity for the portrayal of character from 'every-day life,' both young and old, of either sex," and in this no less than eleven different characters are introduced, all personated by the two brothers with appropriate and complete change of costume and appearance, each successive metamorphosis being effected almost momentarily. First we have two prosy elderly gentlemen, then a vulgar *parvenue* matron, and several varieties of inane swells, followed by a drawing-room coquette in full ball costume. Then "two examples of the Old School," who, examining a newspaper held before their faces for a second or two, become transformed into two young modern swells. The second part is designated in the programme as "Broad Humour," and comprises various comic sketches. Mr. Henry Wardroper illustrating three styles of "musicalisation," viz. the timid amateur, the exaggerating professional baritone, and the ragged wandering minstrel, with a clever solo on a penny whistle. All these are capably represented. Mr. Walter Wardroper succeeds with a life-like portraiture of a star-comique of the music halls, and subsequently displays his low-comedy abilities as a Yorkshire bumpkin, while his brother joins him as an old English tar. The entertainment was warmly applauded by a crowded audience, and the undoubted versatility, dramatic and finished mimic ability of these accomplished brothers Wardroper will ensure them a successful career in London.

### Music.

Music intended for notice in the "Monthly Review of New Music," on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday. Benefit Concerts will not (as a rule) be noticed, unless previously advertised in our columns.

THE autumnal musical season has set in with unusual severity. On every side, announcements of musical arrangements are to be seen; and the musical amateur, or the professional critic, who would wish to enjoy all the artistic banquets which invite his participation could only gratify his wishes by obtaining the gift of ubiquity. To-day, for instance, at 3 p.m., the Crystal Palace Saturday Concert will be given; while at 3 p.m. Herr von Bülow will give his second Pianoforte Recital at St. James's Hall. To-night, at 8 p.m., the Covent Garden Concerts present strong attractions. To-night, at 8 p.m., the Royal Albert Hall Concert season, under the direction of the Messrs. Novello, will be inaugurated. To-night, at 8 p.m., the Agricultural Hall Concerts will close; and on Monday evening the Monday Popular Concerts will be recommenced. Then there are the benefit concerts, given by professors. It is true that such concerts properly belong to the regular London season; but, just as illogical strawberries will, now and then, make their appearance in November, so are benefit concerts given, in spite of what might be considered an inauspicious season. Next Friday week, the Sacred Harmonic Society will resume its performances; and we expect soon to hear tidings of the British Orchestral Society. Whether the Wagner Society will think it necessary to reassert itself as an independent body, seeing that Wagner Concerts are to be given at the Albert Hall every Friday, from now to Christmas, remains to be seen. Before, then, the Philharmonic Society and the New Philharmonic Society will have solicited attention to their competing merits, a new comic opera, by Charles Lecocq, will have been produced at the Criterion Theatre; and a new opéra-bouffe, by Offenbach, will be in rehearsal at the Alhambra. Considering that England is "not a musical nation," here is a tolerably large supply of music for the Metropolis alone.

This seems to be a suitable opportunity for a brief glance at the doings and the prospects of some of the musical institutions above named.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERTS claim first mention. It will be unnecessary to expatiate on the inestimable advantages which they confer on art. Since the commencement of the current season, they have worthily maintained their reputation as our greatest school of art. The great works of great composers have been splendidly performed; new compositions have been introduced; and modern English composers have had a hearing. The best vocal and instrumental soloists available have been engaged; and the concerts have been instructive to students, and delightful to amateurs. The concert of Saturday last was a fair specimen of these delightful entertainments. The instrumental music included Haydn's "Grand" Symphony in C (the first of the twelve known as the "Salomon" set); Weber's Concerto for Clarinet and Orchestra (No. 2, in E Flat, Op. 74); three Hungarian dance tunes arranged for orchestra by Brahms; Rossini's overture to the *Siege of Corinth*; and Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* overture. The three first-named pieces were fresh additions to the noble *répertoire* of the Crystal Palace; and the work by Brahms was new to England. It should be added, that it is thoroughly charming. The melodies (Nos. 1, 3, and 6 of the "Ungarische Tänze") are familiar to pianists, and have been popularised by the brilliant violin performances of them by Herr Joachim; but they have never been so advantageously presented as in their orchestral form. Brahms has made his orchestration a labour of love, and has set his three gems in the most exquisite framework. The Clarinet Concerto introduced Mr. Clinton as the solo performer. This gentleman has been selected to fill the vacancy caused by the untimely death of Herr Pape, who was for many years principal clarinet of the Crystal Palace orchestra. Without doubt, the musical authorities have chosen well. Mr. Clinton is an admirable executant, and his tone, from the lowest to the highest possible note, is rich and brilliant; the only possible fault to be found with his playing being an insufficiency of sentiment. This deficiency time and practice will probably remove, and Mr.

Clinton is in all other respects entitled to high commendation, and fairly earned the plaudits and the recall with which he was rewarded. Mr. Sims Reeves was engaged for this concert, but was unable to appear, being still under the influence of the throat attack which prevented his singing at the Leeds Festival. His place was well filled by Mr. Lloyd, one of our best tenors, who is steadily rising to the topmost rank in his profession. His first song was the tenor air from the severely classical *Iphigenia in Tauris*, which he sang in excellent style; and in Beethoven's "Adelaide" he made a great success. Madame Campobello-Sinico obtained warm applause for the sister-song, "Ah perfido!" and was recalled and encored after her spirited rendering of Verdi's "Saper vorreste." Mr. Manns conducted with his invariable zeal and ability. At to-day's concert Madame Sherrington and Mr. Vernon Rigby will sing; and also Mdle. Thekla Fischer, a *débutante*.

THE COVENT GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERTS have this year enjoyed unexampled success; and Messrs. A. and S. Gatti have done much to deserve it. A large number of our finest instrumentalists have been found in the band; Mdmes. Sherrington, Sinico, Bianchi, Alvsleben, Benati; MM. Foli, Pearson, and Wilford Morgan, with other good artists, have rendered the vocal solos; MM. Wieniawski, Lazarus, Edward Howell, Young, Viotti Collins, Burnett, Wootton, Hughes, and Levy, have been among the instrumental soloists; a good choir has been trained by Signor Lago; the pianoforte accompaniments have been in the experienced hands of Mr. Pittman, and the conducting has latterly been well performed by M. Hervé, assisted on special occasions by Sir Julius Benedict. The Wednesdays in each week have usually been devoted to the illustration of great composers, or of certain important classes of music; and, as the season has advanced, Messrs. Gatti, aided by their able officer, Mr. John Russell, have redoubled their efforts to attract the musical public. Thus far their success has been brilliant. On Saturday last the house was literally crammed, and hundreds were turned away for want of room. During this week, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Campobello-Sinico, and other distinguished artists, have appeared; and on Monday next Miss Rose Hersee will make her first appearance in London after her long illness. The Covent Garden Concerts have been a boon to the public for the last three months; and, providing (as they do) something to please every taste, they will probably enjoy unbroken success during the remaining three weeks of the season.

HERR VON BÜLOW gave his first Pianoforte Recital on Saturday last at St. James's Hall, which was crowded. The programme contained only three pieces:—Beethoven's Sonata Pathétique in C Minor, his posthumous Sonata in B Flat (Op. 106), and his 33 variations on a Valse by Diabelli. On this as on former occasions, Herr von Bülow played from memory, a circumstance which is made the most of by his admirers, who seem to think that the "extraordinary memory" of this gentleman is something supernatural. The truth is, that in this respect he has no peculiar claims to distinction. Every great violinist or pianist, who confines himself to public solo-playing, is obliged to play his show-pieces over so often that they become imprinted on his memory. An operatic *prima donna*, with a *répertoire* of 30 operas, any of which she will undertake to play at a few hours' notice, must have committed to memory a larger amount of music than Herr von Bülow. And, after all, the mere possession of a retentive memory is not, from an artistic point of view, so important as the correct textual reading of a composer's work; and if any proof were needed that the habit of trusting to memory is apt to endanger textual fidelity, such proofs may be adduced again and again from the records of Herr von Bülow's performances. This "playing from memory" is resorted to as a means of enhancing the importance of the performer; and the thirst for self-assertion vitiates his playing. His executive powers are remarkable; and he occasionally plays superbly. Were he to think less of himself, and more of the composers whose works he performs, he might become the greatest pianist of the age.

THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL CONCERTS have been organised by Messrs. Novello and Co. (the *entrepreneurs*) on a daring and gigantic scale. During the next two months concerts will be given on every week night, with the aid of a full orchestra, a large chorus, eminent vocal and instrumental soloists, and Mr. Barnby, Mr. J. F. Barnett, M. Dannreuther, and Signor Randegger as conductors. Judging from the programme of next week's concert, little will be attempted in the way of art-education. As at Covent Garden, the Wednesday concerts will be "classical," and oratorios will be given on Thursdays. The "Wagner" performances to be given on Fridays will no doubt interest the German section of the public, and also those modest enthusiasts who have taken it on themselves to preach—and fancy they personally illustrate—the "higher development of music." The Monday "Ballad" nights, the Tuesday "English" nights, and the Saturday "Popular" nights, will probably prove the most attractive, as there are twenty pleasure seekers for one sincere student in every musical circle. That Messrs. Novello will strive to uphold the dignity of art, and to combine instruction with amusement, may be deduced from their honourable traditions; but they have undertaken an arduous task. The suburban position of the Albert Hall; the difficulty and expense of getting to it, and (above all) away from it; the impossibility of turning it into a promenade, and other drawbacks, render it doubtful whether the ensuing concerts will attract sufficient numbers to meet the heavy expense. Every one will join in wishing success to the spirited *entrepreneurs*.

THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS have become one of our most firmly established institutions, and have done incalculable good, by cultivating a refined artistic taste. Resembling the Crystal Palace Concerts, on a smaller scale, they do for chamber music what the Sydenham concerts do for orchestral music. Every season, additions are made to the *répertoire*; and modern as well as more antique art will be found represented in the programmes. The analytical programmes of these concerts are valuable contributions to the progress of art. They have been imitated, but never equalled; and too much admiration can hardly be expressed for these masterly productions. At the opening concert on Monday next the instrumental music will be selected from Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Rubinstein; the vocal from Schumann and Arthur Sullivan. The vocalist will be Miss Sterling; the instrumentalists, MM. von Bülow, Sainton, Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti; conductor, Sir Julius Benedict.

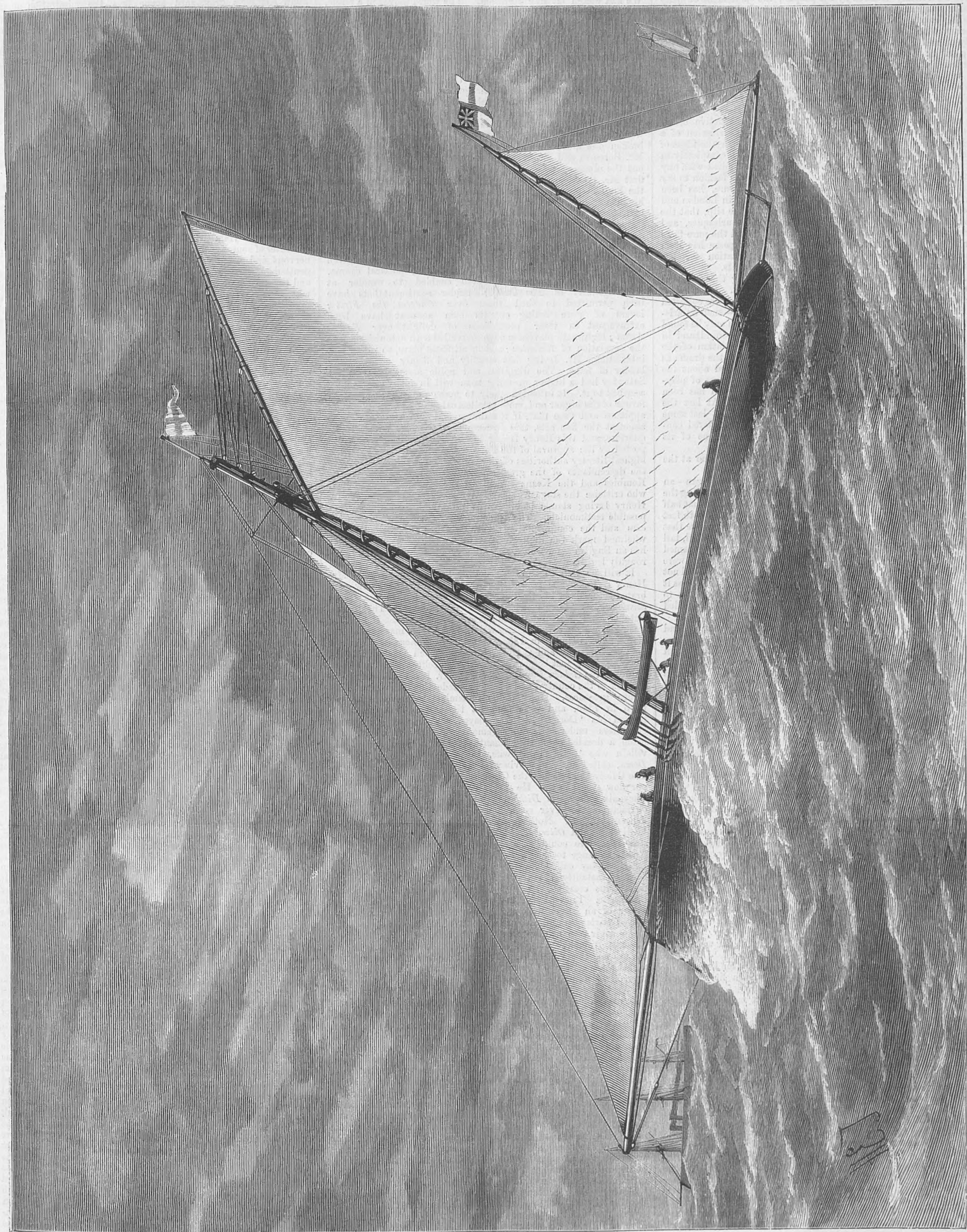
THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY's forty-third season will commence on Friday, the 20th instant, with a performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, to be followed by nine sacred concerts during the season, which will close on Friday, April 30, with a performance of Costa's *Eli*. No novelties are announced, and no endeavour is made to encourage the production of original works. This society does good service by organising performances of familiar works by Handel, Haydn, &c., on a grand scale; but with this exception it fails to fulfil its functions, and is rather a hindrance than an aid to English art.





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## HENRY IRVING: ACTOR AND 'HAMLET.'

[SPECIAL.]

ART has conquered; a long and desperate struggle between a painted carelessness and an earnest enthusiasm has been definitely decided in favour of honest, manly work; the good old "pit" of well-remembered theatrical days has returned to the benches so long deserted; the true theatrical impulse and pure English taste have been firmly declared by the people; the excitement of many weeks has had its vent and its issue; the pit has spoken—the stalls, boxes, and critics have spoken; the new 'Hamlet' has been watched from scene to scene, from act to act, with an intensity of criticism which in our days has never been exceeded; the "pros" and "cons" have been carefully weighed and as definitely settled, and the name of "Henry Irving" stands out as the actor of our time, and as the 'Hamlet' who has lingered for years indefinitely and dreamily in our excited imaginations. It will be necessary, now that we have arrived at this important point, to trace briefly the career of Henry Irving as an artist. Such a story is both useful and instructive before proceeding with our minute and appreciative description of a 'Hamlet,' who is so thoroughly in accordance with the ideas of the best informed students of the drama, and so completely in harmony with the sympathies of such as have studied with any interest this profound conception. It has been the fashion to say that the drama, as a high and intellectual pleasure, has been buried long ago, that educated and refined folk in London and the provinces have inevitably given the theatre the slip, that the overwhelming preponderance of comic operas, burlesques, and French musical pieces have conquered and crushed the pure taste for the poetical drama, and that William Shakspeare has been finally and universally sentenced to transportation for life amongst the library book-shelves of literary students.

At last, after long struggles, such disheartening theories have been vigorously discountenanced—if not dissipated. On the 31st October, 1874—the date should be well remembered—was collected within the walls of a London theatre—the Lyceum—such an aristocratic, literary, artistic, and critical audience as can only be found on very noteworthy occasions. Nor was the pit behindhand in showing its allegiance to art, or its hearty appreciation of the actor who has been so conspicuous in his devotion to the drama as one of the fine arts. A magnificent crowd collected about the doors very early in the afternoon, and the unselfishness of playgoers was illustrated in a manner more striking than has been observed in London since the days of Macready. At last the emphatic verdict of the public has been delivered. At last some decided opinion, one way or the other, has been registered concerning the future of the stage, and the career of one of its youngest and brightest ornaments.

One of our contributors was compelled to try his fortune at the pit-door. He thus describes his experience:—

"At half past six the doors opened, and a terrific crush began—an English crowd is thoroughly merciless, and the pressure during the first ten minutes of the rush may be guessed from the fact that half an hour before it began it was quite possible to stand with both feet off the ground without any of one's neighbours being aware that they were supporting one. Short men were all but suffocated, tall men were flattened out several inches taller, and women screamed and gasped for breath alternately and incessantly till they were safely past the check-taker. Before seven, the doors, which had not been open half an hour, were shut—the pit contained as many as it could comfortably hold, and it was very wisely resolved not to admit any more, though enough were waiting easily to have filled it again.

"Once in the theatre, all on a first night is eager, hurry, and confusion; friends are separated, old hands ingeniously secure better seats than those who got in much earlier, and the woman with playbills wishes herself a Briareus, by such a forest of hands (each firmly holding its twopenny), and such a babel of voices, is she instantly assailed. Last Saturday the bills were distributed more promptly than usual, and the audience altogether settled down to the work of the evening with much less than the usual noise and trouble. The opening farce, so often totally inaudible on first nights, was listened to with fair attention, partly, no doubt, because the audience was so large and early that it had filled all the unreserved seats long before the curtain first rose, and partly in honour of the veteran comedian who played in it, and received one of the heartiest even of the hearty receptions he must be able to recall.

"After the farce the stalls are rapidly filled, and the people in the front of the pit stand on the benches to examine them, whereat the people at the back of the pit are loudly but unavailingly indignant. The overture commences, but except for an occasional burst of semi-audible melody from the trumpets, two-thirds of the house would be totally unaware that any music was going on. It is over, and everyone sits down, amid angry *diminuendo* bursts of 'Hats off!' and 'Down in front!'—the late people in the stalls hurry in discomfort to their places, wishing they had attended to the pathetic appeal in the newspapers, and 'deeply obliged' Mr. Bateman by being punctual. Then slowly the curtain rises, and amid a breathless and eager silence the play begins.

"All is dark—a grey cloudy midnight sky with the weird and lonely cliffs of Denmark rising in the background. The one soldier is at his post; we almost feel with him the keen night air. The wonderful quiet scene goes on—with a little natural talk, the guard is changed, 'not a mouse stirring.' Then come Horatio and Marcellus, with their simple but majestic poetry: then the fair and warlike form of buried Denmark twice passes before the trembling soldiers, and as 'the morn in russet mantle clad walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill' the scene is over.

"Then with thundering cheers Hamlet is welcomed; and there commences the fine and successful performance described below. As we have said, the verdict of so exceptional an audience does not always accord with that pronounced by the general public; but there can be little doubt that for many weeks Mr. Irving's 'Hamlet' will draw houses as delighted, if not as vociferous, as that of the first night."

It was no ordinary occasion, this production of *Hamlet* at the Lyceum Theatre; it was no ordinary audience that welcomed the first London appearance in that character of Mr. Henry Irving. In the first place the more intellectual portion of the playgoers of the metropolis made it a point to be present in order by their presence to enter a dignified protest against the uses to which the stage is placed; and in the second place the more enthusiastic of the theatre patrons of the day desired to show in a firm, emphatic, and decided manner their conviction that Mr. Henry Irving had, by his talents, his high intelligence, and his genius, established a claim to the representation of the highest characters in the best range of the poetical drama. The night is darkest before the dawn, and it would be idle to attempt to deny the desperate position in which those have found themselves who, through good or evil repute, remained firm to their conviction of a revival in favour of a higher art. A drama ill-omened and scantily provided with adequate work; a stage in the possession of men with little taste and but moderate experience; a tendency to select from the Parisian stage without judgment, and a strong bias in favour of light, ephemeral, after-dinner entertainments, rendered the future of the

English stage exceedingly nebulous. Every extravagance had been attempted in desperation. Strange dances, stranger manners, scanty dresses, unworthy personalities, scenery, tights, fleshings, and spangles, threatened more than once to hand the drama bodily over to careless after-dinner loungers and young club-men, whose dramatic requirements were as limited as their intelligence. There had been no thought for anything but a wild desperation in extravagant amusement. We had become too highly civilised. We had waxen fat like Jeshurun. The world moves in a circle, and, to tell the truth, we were after all only threatened with the fate which has befallen the most artistic and highly civilised communities in the world. Two all powerful circumstances postponed the disaster which had been prophesied. The first was the utter incompetence of the artists who had been selected for the school of frivolity; and the second the distinguished intelligence of the artists who remained true to the traditions of the English drama. If we had possessed burlesque actresses who could act in opéra-bouffe, or artists who could sing, no one can tell how long the art revival might have been postponed. Happily, whilst these *can-can* dancers were failing, and so-called actresses were learning to sing, whilst bouffe companies were being broken down, and theatrical speculations were in an evil odour, Mr. Bateman and Mr. Irving were faithfully and loyally carrying out the pledges which had been made to the public. From the first Mr. Bateman unhesitatingly believed in the better taste of the English public. From the first he was convinced of the inherent excellence of Mr. Irving's art. Nothing has shaken the manager in this earnest and enthusiastic conviction. True to his purpose, he has fostered the art of Mr. Irving, and in doing so has done incalculable service to the English stage. He has trained, nourished, and encouraged an aesthetic entertainment, which shall not be deprived of the elements of popularity. He has given a stimulus to the drama of the heart and the poetical drama. Dramatic psychologists have been enabled to wonder at the ingenuity of *The Bells*; tender sentimentalists have been permitted to shed tears over *Charles the First*; lovers of pure acting on its own account have been extravagant in their professions of delight over *Eugene Aram*; legitimate playgoers have marvelled with astonishment at the revelation of *Richelieu*; and in all these plays, so varied and interesting, Mr. Irving has steadily and firmly ascended the ladder of fame. The dignified and noble assemblage of last Saturday had a higher meaning than will in many quarters be ascribed to it. It intended surely to make some firm protest in favour of the higher and more intellectual drama. It said by its applause and tone that, if the drama is to maintain its place amongst the fine arts, this Lyceum Theatre must be its headquarters, and this Henry Irving its legitimate exponent. Supported by the approval of the Poet-Laureate, and by many of the highest literary authorities of the age, enjoying the friendship of the descendants of the greatest English families of actors—the Kembles and the Keans—proud of the encouragement of all who criticise the stage from a high and elevated standard, Mr. Henry Irving stands before us as 'Hamlet' with the highest possible testimonials. The applause which has now rung in his ears and the congratulations with which he has been overwhelmed mark the highest point in an actor's career. Never has an English actor won it so young or in a manner more thoroughly legitimate.

It will be well to run briefly over the happy career of Mr. Henry Irving. The theatrical records tell us that this now celebrated actor made his first appearance in London, in *The Belle's Stratagem*, as 'Doricourt,' and at the St. James's Theatre, on October 12, 1866. But this is not strictly accurate. Mr. Irving was at the Princess's Theatre when, under the management of Mr. Augustus Harris in 1859, Planché wrote *Love and Fortune* for Louise Keeley and Carlotta Leclercq, when Oxenford failed with *Ivy Hall*, just before the advent of Fechter, and the second failure of the *Golden Daggers*. Wisely Mr. Irving determined to go back to the country, and there he made the foundation of his future greatness. Many of us remember well his return to town in 1866, and were amongst those who enthusiastically praised his 'Doricourt.' He played a course of old-comedy characters under the management of Miss Herbert, and made a decided and triumphant hit in the character of the villain who ill-treats his wife, in Boucicault's play, *Hunted Down*, called in the provinces the *Two Lives of Mary Leigh*. The Gaiety Theatre and the Queen's next claimed the services of our now great actor. He made an immense success as 'Mr. Chevenix' in *Uncle Dick's Darling*—one of the finest bits of character acting ever seen, and also as 'Bob Gassitt' in the *Lancashire Lass*. Nothing was amiss to him. He could play 'Bill Sykes' in *Oliver Twist*, or 'Robert Macaire' in *The Roadside Inn*. He could take up 'Jingle' or 'Jeremy Diddler.' Another change took him to the new Vaudeville, where, in Mr. Albery's play called *Two Roses*, his acting as 'Digby Grant' became instantly the talk of all London. It was simply a marvellous creation, and its consummate excellence was indisputable. It is as well to mention these facts in tracing the career of an artist who aspires to 'Hamlet.' Edmund Kean played harlequin and acted in a booth. The study and training of an actor who can be 'Doricourt,' 'Chevenix,' 'Digby Grant,' 'Jeremy Diddler,' 'Jingle,' and 'Robert Macaire,' succeeding in all, are not inconsiderable. But we have seen the last of such varied practice, for we have, alas! no provincial school. However, Mr. Bateman soon saw the inherent qualities of the actor. He was too good to be wasted on 'Digby Grant's' and 'Chevenix's.' There was a nobler, finer, and better field awaiting him. He was destined to be a great actor and to do great things. Good-naturedly undertaking the lover's character in *Panchette*, for which he was totally unsuited, Mr. Irving made no mark on his first appearance at the Lyceum. But nothing daunted, he pursued his course with a bold and praiseworthy determination. He took the town by storm in *The Bells*, he was the admiration of every playgoer in *Charles the First*, he increased his reputation in *Eugene Aram*, he conquered the legitimate twaddle in *Richelieu*, he obtained the prize as the first melodramatic actor in London as 'Philip,' in Mr. Hamilton Aide's drama of that name, and now at this moment he stands before an enthusiastic public as 'Hamlet' the most popular and the best actor we possess. The history of the Lyceum Theatre will be written this year by that venerable and accurate dramatic historian, Mr. E. L. Blanchard, in the columns of the "Era Almanack," in continuation of a long series of interesting reminiscences. It is quite certain that there will be no more brilliant moment to record than the evening of October 31, 1874, when Henry Irving first appeared as 'Hamlet.'

The first thing to be noticed about Mr. Irving's 'Hamlet' is his utter disregard of conventionality, and his studied and artistic determination to read and play the character as a whole, and not to succeed by disjointed scraps and fragments. When we hear it said, as we do constantly hear it said every day, "Henry Irving is 'Hamlet,'" we are bound to consider by what legitimate means the artist arrives at this most desirable end. Few 'Hamlets' have ever failed. It is one of the traditions in the dramatic profession that the play is safe to draw money for a time, and that the 'Hamlet' of the moment will be received with courteous attention. Most of the celebrated 'Hamlets' who have ever lived have made an actor's rather than a student's success. They have thought more about their actors' points than the studied and com-

plete representation of a play which should satisfy those who have mastered the remarkable work as a whole. Briefly, then, Betterton's reputation was acquired by his extraordinary facial expression of horror when the Ghost appears; the success of David Garrick was mainly acquired in the first act, and in all the scenes with the Ghost. He kicked over a chair in the closet scene, and was lauded to the skies, although his treatment of the Queen Mother was anything but decorous and courteous. John Kemble's grave-yard scene was the admiration of the playgoers of that time. He was tall, stately, and pedantic to a fault. You can all see him in the picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence with his cloak and funeral plumes. It must have been an affecting ceremony this 'Hamlet' by John Kemble. Edmund Kean broke down the pedantry and the stilted affectation of the Kemble school, and although he "electrified the house" in the scene with Ophelia by coming back to kiss her hand, he also was accused of being too noisy, and in many a passage over-declamatory. Charles Kemble selected the Ophelia scene for a triumph of pathos. Young was greatest with the murder of Polonius, and the interview with the Queen Mother; and Fechter took the house by storm with his pause—"Why, I should take it!" in the speech—"Oh, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!" and by his melodramatic acting and French love-making in the recorder and Ophelia scenes.

But, as we said before, Henry Irving does not make his success by "points," but by a consistent, thoughtful, and highly intelligent reading of the whole character. It is not to be an actor's, but a student's, success. He has thought it all out, and means to give the audience the result of his reflections. It may be the right 'Hamlet' or the wrong 'Hamlet.' At any rate it shall be a character, and a character of some consistency. He shows us a 'Hamlet' of a highly nervous and sensitive disposition: a student, an artist, and a gentleman, born to great things, happy in the love of his parents and the confident attachment of a young and guileless woman, who, by a sudden turn of extraordinary misfortune, is forced "to take arms against a sea of trouble." The terrible events which occur have the effect of unhinging the man's mind, but have no power to alter his nature. He is overwhelmed, he is distressed, he is irritable, he is hysterical, he is reflective, he talks to himself, the strain on the nervous system is almost too great for nature to bear—but nothing can alter the inherent disposition of Hamlet. He must always be a gentleman, he must always be soft and tender to women; when he sees Ophelia, his clouded face is illumined with the sun of passion; when they allude to his mother as contradistinct from his uncle, Hamlet rises from his seat—the refined gentleman. More than this, it is impossible for Hamlet to be cruel wilfully and deliberately. He is too sensitive, too highly cultured, and too feminine in his essence. There is nothing cruel whatever in the nature of Hamlet as illustrated by Henry Irving. He can do terrible things when he is irritated to madness, when he is set upon, trapped, and abused; but, like many of us, he cannot be desperate unless he is in a passion. He cannot fight in cold blood. He is ever meditating, planning, arguing, soliloquising, and discussing his plan of action. But he cannot screw his courage to the sticking point. He has not a Lady Macbeth by his side to urge him on to murder. He has no one but his conscience, and arguments with conscience are seldom decisive. He can become bitterly satirical to Ophelia when he discovers the infamous plot to which she has lent herself, and when he knows they are watching him from behind the arras. He can be excessively rude to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern when he discovers their friendship is a gross deception and a snare. He can kill Polonius when he is urged to desperation, and when the curtain will hide his eyes from the murder; but he cannot kill the King at his prayers, and can only accomplish it when Hamlet is an actor in a murderous scene of bloodshed, and must take his man with the rest. Higher even than the expression of Hamlet's hatred of cruelty is his intense heart. Probably no 'Hamlet' who has ever appeared so thoroughly brought out as did Mr. Irving the love for Ophelia, the devotion to his mother, and the warm attachment to his friend Horatio. No more beautiful pictures of the human heart have ever been seen. When the play commences, Hamlet is discovered in a complete state of nervous depression and ill-restrained irritability. Look at his face, watch his eyes, and notice his demeanour. He is "so out of sorts" that he is as annoying to himself as he is to the court. Some of the critics, with great lack of intelligence and taste, have complained of the tearing at the handkerchief, at the pushing back the hair, and at the nervous fidgety ways. Why, surely these were the very things such a 'Hamlet' would do! He wants some vent for his annoyance. Mr. Irving is an artist, and he expresses these things. Horatio and the friend come to tell Hamlet of the appearance of his father's spirit at the very time that he is most distressed and disorganised. The news is so extraordinary that it simply appals him. The sight is so confirmed that, before he has had time to think, it is impossible that Hamlet can act. How could such a man, and in such a condition, make a noise, stamp, rant, and declaim? It would be contrary to his very nature. At the end of the first act the Hamlet is absolutely crushed. He is in complete despair. He has had more time to think, but he is only a little better, in the second act. He has no power as yet to make dramatic points in the speech, "Oh, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!" but he is getting more himself again, and a vague undetermined plot against the King is preparing in his brain. It was in the third act that Mr. Irving showed the depth of his research, and the wonderful truth of his view. The scene with Ophelia, for its pathetic and intense meaning; the celebrated soliloquy, "To be or not to be," for its graceful nature and expression of lost despair; the address to the Players, for its originality and delightful cleverness; and the play scene, both in its elaboration and climax—have never probably been approached on the stage. Well might the people shout, for an ideal 'Hamlet' had been found at last. The scene with the recorders, which proved a daring exhibition of cynicism and contempt; the reaction after the hideous mental depression; and the closet scene, where Mr. Irving defied tradition, and astonished his audience by describing imaginary pictures ("Look here upon this picture, and on this"), concluded an act as terrible in its work as it was triumphant on the part of the artist. There could be no question of the success, for here was such a 'Hamlet' as had never been seen before and only vaguely dreamed of. In fact this act was so exhausting and overpowering in its intensity that the audience was worn out by the absorbing power of the actor. He had indeed sufficient strength and enthusiasm for the church-yard scene and the fencing scene, but the audience found it well-nigh impossible to stretch their necks and concentrate their attention any longer. However, nothing daunted, Mr. Irving went on, unflagging and resistless. His fencing and his superb murder of the King will be added to the innumerable other excellencies of his 'Hamlet.' In a word, no such actor, and no such performance, has been seen in our time. The drama will revive under the influences of such an artist. This 'Hamlet' will call back all such as have wavered and despaired. It will fill the Lyceum with the most distinguished people of our country, and the drama will be restored to its position among the fine arts. A failure with such a venture, and at such a moment, would have been disastrous. Such a success has put heart and spirit into all who have a passion for the stage.

And let us add that the general performance is thoroughly



adequate and worthy of the high example which Mr. Bateman has set. The other artists will forgive us at such a moment for giving prominence to the performance of a gentleman who is such a distinguished ornament of their profession. Such an honour is emphatically his due. We would fain linger on the graceful sweetness, the poetical tenderness, and the true art of Miss Isabel Bateman's 'Ophelia,' one of those exquisite touches which draw the tears and stab the heart; we would fain praise Mr. Swinbourne and Miss Pauncefort for their invaluable assistance as the 'King' and 'Queen'; we should like to extol the manly elocution of Mr. Mead as the 'Ghost'; we would wish heartily to congratulate and welcome at such a theatre those old Haymarket friends, Mr. Compton and Mr. Chippendale; it would be a pleasure to encourage both Mr. George Neville ('Horatio') and Mr. Leathes ('Laertes'); but the 'Hamlet' is the absorbing attraction of the hour, and Mr. Irving has proved himself to be the great actor of the Victorian age!

Private Theatricals.

WE last week gave an account of the private theatricals which recently took place at Henham Hall, the seat of the Earl and Countess of Stradbroke, by whose kind permission we are now enabled to present an illustration of some of the characters and costumes on the occasion referred to. It will not be necessary to reproduce our criticisms on the performance, which appeared in our last issue, but as a guide to the sketches which will be found on another page, we repeat the programme of the performance:—

"DEAREST MAMMA."

Mr. Browner	Sir Baldwyn Leighton.
Nettle Croker	Mr. J. Gallatin.
Harry Clinton	Mr. C. Stewart.
Jones	Mr. A. Musgrave.
Mrs. Breezeley Fussell	Mrs. Milner-Gibson.
Edith Clinton	Lady William Lennox.
Mrs. Honeywood	Miss Marion Ely.

"CREATURES OF IMPULSE."

Sergeant Klooque	Mr. C. Stewart.
Boombledart (a miser)	Sir Baldwyn Leighton.
Peter (a young farmer)	Mr. J. Gallatin.
Jacques (a villager)	Mr. W. Bradstreet.
Martha (landlady of the "Three Pigeons")	Miss A. Musgrave.
Pipette (her niece)	Lady William Lennox.
A Strange Old Lady	Miss Milner-Gibson.
	Villagers, &c.

"LITTLE TODDLERKINS."

Mr. Jones Robinson Brownsmith	Mr. J. Gallatin.
Mr. Barnaby Babicombe (of Babicombe Bay)	Mr. W. Bradstreet.
Captain Littlepop	Mr. C. Stewart.
Amanthis	Mrs. Milner-Gibson.
Annie Babicombe	Miss Marion Ely.
Susan	Miss A. Musgrave.

ON Friday last an amateur dramatic performance took place at Loton Park, Shrewsbury, the seat of Sir Baldwyn and Lady Leighton, upon which occasion *School* was admirably acted before a large and appreciative audience. The theatre itself is a perfect bijou, reminding one of the *salle du spectacle* at Versailles, and the scenery is all that can be required. Sir Baldwyn Leighton gave that interest to 'Beau Farintosh' which he has the power of investing any character he undertakes, and his delineation of the *ci-devant jeune homme* was highly creditable to him as an actor of taste and discernment. The Earl of Onslow looked the character of 'Lord Beaufoy' extremely well, and went through his scenes with ease and spirit. In witnessing the comic exertions of so great a favourite of the laughing muse, Lord Elliot, his classical correctness never suffers his delineation of humorous character to degenerate into vulgar grimace, nor permits him (if the expression will be permitted us) to caricature his part, hence his representation of 'Dr. Sutcliffe' was faultless. Of Mr. Gardner as 'Jack Poyntz,' all we can say is that it was an excellent and amusing performance, throughout the whole of which his untired spirits and drollery of humour afforded the greatest amusement. Lord Pollington acted 'Mr. Krux' admirably well, and gave an importance to the excellent manner in which the ladies performed the characters allotted to them; their talents were never more happily exerted, even to the juvenile school girls, than on this evening, and their efforts were most liberally applauded. Miss Wilbraham appeared to great advantage as 'Mrs. Sutcliffe'; her voice and manner are greatly in her favour, her enunciation is distinct, and she was the *beau-ideal* of a suburban schoolmistress; the Hon. Mrs. Burges imparted to the character of 'Naomi Tighe' the deepest interest, her acting exhibited, through the whole of the comedy, the conception of an educated and discriminating mind; Miss Rose Wilbraham as 'Bella' was graceful, easy, and spirited; to an archness of feature and a peculiar naïvete, was blended a depth of pathos. Lady William Lennox gave to the indifferent part of 'Laura' an importance which we thought it was incapable of receiving. Her rich contralto voice was heard to the greatest advantage in the ballad "Through the wood." Lord William Lennox and Mr. Burges were indefatigable in their exertions behind the scenes, combining the most important rôles of deputy stage-manager, prompter, property-man, and call-man. Altogether the Loton Park theatricals resemble nearer than any others the professional representations on the regular boards of a London theatre, and reflect the greatest credit upon Sir Baldwyn Leighton who, as stage-manager and actor is *nulli secundus*.

MR. GEORGE E. FAIRCHILD'S READINGS.

AT the present time, when aspirants for the honour (and profit) of entertaining the British public by "Readings" are numerous as dead leaves, and in too many cases as unsatisfying, it is refreshing to find at least one among the number whose performance ensures an intellectual treat, and whose public appearance may be attended without fear of disappointment. This is eminently the case with Mr. Fairchild, and an audience of some hundreds testified at St. George's Hall on Tuesday evening their appreciation of his efforts. The programme included "Wedding Bells," by Miss Charlotte Griffiths, "My Pipe," by J. W. Watson, the old, but ever fresh, "Mrs. Joseph Porter," by Charles Dickens, a new poem, "The Curtain," by Miss H. E. Hunter, a selection from "Innocents Abroad," by Mark Twain, and "Marrying into Society," by Litchfield Moseley. There were also two pieces, "Mrs. B.'s Alarms" and the "Death of the old Squire," by that prolific author "Anon." This substantial bill of fare was very much enjoyed by the audience, whose applause on several occasions was enthusiastic, and whose intense, absolutely silent, attention, especially in the "Curtain," told even more forcibly than the applause how the reader was carrying his hearers with him. With a good appearance, a pliant while powerful voice, and a most excellently studied action, Mr. Fairchild bids fair to take front rank in the profession he has chosen, and we would heartily recommend all who enjoy public "Readings" of the best class, to take an early opportunity of hearing him.

Provincial.

**BRISTOL.**—NEW THEATRE.—The sensational drama, *The Old Toll House*, has not yet exhausted its popularity, and has this week been replaced upon the stage preceded by another play of the spectacular kind, *The Children of the Night*, in which Miss Bella Murdoch acts extremely well.

**OLD THEATRE.**—Mr. John Coleman has appeared here in "an adaptation" styled *Katherine Howard*. Miss Ellen Barry plays the heroine. All the actors and actresses concerned shout their very loudest, and are applauded accordingly. Mr. Coleman says the drama has no claim to historical accuracy. This is quite a needless announcement. Mr. David Fisher is placed at the bottom of the bill, in a very amusing farce, but I hope to see him next week in characters worthy his talents and reputation.

**EDINBURGH.**—THEATRE ROYAL (lessee, Mr. R. H. Wyndham).—On Monday and Tuesday Miss Ada Cavendish again appeared as 'Mercy Merrick' in *The New Magdalen*, to good houses. The other performances during the week have comprised *Romeo and Juliet*, *As You Like It*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, and *Macbeth*. The Italian Opera begin a nine nights' engagement on Monday evening.

**OPERA HOUSE** (lessee, Mr. C. Bernard).—Mr. Durand's Opera Company has been succeeded by Mr. Flockton's Albery Comedies Company, who have appeared during the week in *The Two Roses*. Mr. Flockton sustained the part of 'Digby Grant' with considerable power and effect. Mr. E. N. Hallows was thoroughly efficient as 'Jack Wyatt,' the honourable manly lover, and Mr. George Thorne was sufficiently comic as 'Our Mr. Jenkins.' We have ungallantly left to the last our remarks upon the ladies who give the name to the piece. 'Lottie' and 'Ida Grant' we may say, however, were two charming and graceful roses in the hands of Miss Susan Rignold and Miss Mary Allen, the latter young lady making her first appearance in Edinburgh.

**ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE** (lessee, Mr. A. D. McNeill).—We have had the revival of *The Colleen Bawn* at this theatre for a few nights. Mr. McNeill is as fine a 'Myles' as we have seen, so that it is not to be wondered at that the performances have been well received by large audiences. The afterpiece has been *Brown and the Brahmins*, the parts in which were creditably sustained by Messrs. Hardman (as 'Brown,' the awful warning to aspiring grocers), Rignold, and Crauford, and Misses Morley, Mortimer, and Read, Miss Morley especially distinguishing herself as 'Keemo-Kimo.'

**EXETER.**—THEATRE ROYAL (lessee, Mr. Neebe).—Sensation drama is the order of the day here. *Lost in London* was produced on Monday evening with every mark of success. Miss Marie Rhodes made her first appearance in the very thankless part of 'Nelly.' The good-hearted country girl 'Tiddy,' was capably played by Miss Warner, who is a great acquisition to the company. Mr. Valentine was almost perfect as 'Job Armroyd'; he is one of the few actors who know the difference between passion and rant. Messrs. Cumberland and Astley were amusing, though rather improbable specimens of the London servant, and Mr. Murray made the most of 'Gilbert Featherstone.' Mr. Byron's *Orange Tree* burlesque is one of his happiest efforts in that line, and went with great spirit. Miss Rhodes appeared as 'Princess Precious,' and Miss Warner was the pretty princess 'Ada.' Mr. Beveridge and Mrs. Bennett were very amusing as the 'Ogre and his wife,' but the funniest scenes were those in which their son 'Croquemitaine,' and the servant 'Tippetiwitch,' appeared. The parts were capably sustained by Messrs. Honey and Cumberland.

**HUDDERSFIELD.**—THEATRE ROYAL (lessee, Mr. Edward Clayton).—Sheridan's sparkling comedy, *The School for Scandal*, was produced here on Friday week, for the benefit of Mr. John Coleman, on which occasion Miss Helen Barry appeared as 'Lady Teazle,' Mr. David Fisher as 'Sir Peter Teazle,' Mr. Coleman as 'Charles Surface,' and Mr. Frank Huntley as 'Joseph Surface' to great advantage, and were repeatedly applauded by a crowded house. The performance on Saturday of the *Lady of Lyons*, and Mr. Fisher's comedietta, *Heart Strings and Fiddle Strings* concluded the engagement of this company. This week Mr. Brandon Ellis's "Through the World" company are appearing in a new sensational drama by Mr. Ellis, entitled *Without Money or Friends*, which is well mounted.

**LEICESTER.**—THEATRE ROYAL (lessee and manager, Mr. Elliot Galer).—The leading feature of the present week has been the production of *Macbeth* on an unequalled scale of grandeur. Various improvements in general detail are at once patent to the practised eye as the tragedy proceeds, and for these we are indebted to the forethought and excellent judgment of the stage director, Mr. Charles Vandenhoff, who plays the important rôle of the ambitious man with a degree of masterdom characteristic of so skilled an actor. A pretty comedietta, played last week, and which deserves a passing notice, is *Nine Points of the Law*, chiefly distinguished for the evenness of cast, and particularly so for a most remarkable personation of 'Rollingstone' by Mr. M. H. Barrymore, remarkable because unusually celebrated for its faithfulness to nature; he looked a very adventurer, careless and yet gentlemanly, and so much at home in the part, that we are prepared to see him in a revival of it.

**LIVERPOOL.**—ALEXANDRA THEATRE.—Owing to the indisposition of Mrs. John Wood, and consequent postponement of her engagement here, the stay of Mr. John Clarke and Miss Furtado has been prolonged a week. The bill has been changed, and *Society* has been reproduced in excellent style, Messrs. J. Clarke, E. Sakes, and Miss Furtado playing the parts of 'Chodd,' 'Stylus,' and 'Maud,' as originally presented by them on the first production of the piece in Liverpool. Great preparations are being made for the production of *Henry V.* in complete style next week, the scenery and accessories being supplied from Manchester by Mr. Charles Calvert.

**ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.**—Mr. Charles Reade has personally superintended here the reproduction of his *Never too Late to Mend*, which has been presented with new scenery and appliances. The cast is a good one, the chief part being sustained by Mr. James Carden, while the other characters are safely entrusted to local favourites, such as Mr. Lindo Courtenay, Mr. W. G. Christie, and Mr. Jas. Hunt. The 'Susan Merton' is gracefully and very effectively played by Miss Marie Pritchard. The piece will remain on the bills next week.

**PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.**—*Rip Van Winkle* and the burlesque of *La Sonnambula* have formed the staple of the attractions at this theatre. The former is a special version by Mr. W. Sidney, the present lessee, of Irving's famous story, and in it he plays 'Rip' with considerable unction and no little pathos. The whole play is presented with commendable care and completeness. In the burlesque, Mr. W. Sidney, jun., and F. Marshall, and Misses N. Bouverie and Harford carried off the honours, the first-named actor making a most favourable impression in this his second characterisation in Liverpool. Mrs. Rousby is announced for next week in *Mary Queen o' Scots*.

The concert season in Liverpool is now at its height. On Monday evening Mdlle. Carlotta Patti and her concert party gave a grand concert to a crowded house in the large St. George's Hall. On Tuesday evening, at the Philharmonic Hall, a grand Concert was given under the auspices of the Philharmonic Society, by Madame Sinico-Campobello, Signor Uriò, and Miss Agnes Zimmermann, Sir Julius Benedict conducting. To-day another military concert in this hall will be given by the Grenadier Guards, under Mr. Dan Godfrey; the vocalists being Madame Liebhart, Mr. Wilford Morgan, and Signor Campobello. Next Saturday the band of the Royal Artillery will perform, and the singers will be Miss Blanche Cole and Mr. J. Turner. All of these concerts promise to attract patronage and prove very profitable to the local promoters.

**MIDDLESBROUGH.**—HIGH-CLASS CONCERT.—Miss Edith Wynne, Mdlle. Patey, and Messrs. Cummings and Patey sung at a select subscription concert here on Friday last. *The elite* of the district attended, and the concert was a real financial success. Miss Wynne was in fine voice, and rendered Weber's "Softly Sighs" with exquisite expression. Madame Patey's flute-like contralto tones won loud applause, especially in Gounod's "Quand tu Chantes;" her lower register is of remarkable quality, so clear and deep at the same time. Mr. Cummings is a pleasing, not brilliant, tenor; his selections showed want of tact, or indifference. "The Thorn," sung in response to an *encore*, was an exception, and was treated in a somewhat soulless manner. Mr. Cummings certainly did not waste any expression during the evening, although he appeared to be in "good form." Mr. Patey (bass) pleased the audience well; but for his *tremolo* delivery he

would have been excellent. The concerted selections were admirably sung, especially Sir S. Bennett's "Come, live with me" (quartette).

**NORWICH.**—THEATRE ROYAL (manager, Mr. G. H. Chaplin).—The sensation drama of *The Forsaken*, well placed upon the stage, is drawing crowded houses at this place of amusement. The principal rôles are admirably sustained by Miss May Douglas, Miss Phillis Moore, and Miss Clara Ash, Mr. Walter Avondale, Mr. B. McCullough, Mr. Charles Cooper, Mr. F. S. Morgan, and Mr. G. H. Chaplin. *Faith, Hope, and Charity* has been the inaugural piece up to the present, during the week. Some after farces have also been given, supported by Miss Clara Ash, Miss Camille Delmar, and Mr. McCullough. Business has considerably improved, and we can only hope that the Norwich public will continue to support the strenuous and praiseworthy exertions Mr. Chaplin is making for its amusement.

**PLYMOUTH.**—THEATRE ROYAL.—It seems to have been a most happy expedient of Mr. Newcombe to engage the metropolitan opéra-bouffe combination, the great success of which, last week in *La Fille de Madame Angot*, prompted Mr. George Stanley to renew the engagement for six nights longer. This week the houses, notwithstanding being unusually good, have not equalled those of last week, although there has been an additional attraction, in the shape of a *petite* comedy performed, previous to the commencement of the opéra-bouffe by the resident company.

**SHEFFIELD.**—THEATRE ROYAL.—The *Sphinx* has been produced here this week by Mdlle. Beatrice and her comedy-drama company. It would be superfluous to say anything more respecting the merits of the company than has already been stated in the columns of this paper during their stay at the Haymarket Theatre. The charming comedietta of *Early Impressions* concludes the evening's entertainment.

**THE ALEXANDRA.**—The spirited manager has made a great hit by engaging Mr. H. Lorraine, the tragedian, who has appeared as the 'Duke of Glo'ster' in *Richard III.*, as 'Claude Melnotte' in the *Lady of Lyons*, and on Wednesday evening as 'Don Caesar de Bazan' in the play of that name, for the benefit of the Widow and Orphan Fund—he has made himself a great favourite here. Mr. Lorraine has been well supported by the stock company. Miss Annie Anderson still continues to meet with the applause which she so well deserves; each performance concluding with the farce of *More Blunders than One*, in which Mr. M. Robson and Miss Kate Bertram appear to advantage.

**STOCKTON-ON-TEES.**—THEATRE ROYAL (lessee, Mr. T. Devereux; manager, Mr. F. Wallace).—The spectacular play *Azazel* has recently been the most successful production at Stockton, having been witnessed by large houses, many persons coming from the adjoining town of Middlesbrough. It has been tastefully mounted. Miss Lillie Roberts as 'Jepphele' gave a decidedly artistic rendering. Mr. Fitzroy Wallace in the rôle of 'Azazel' was particularly effective, though I would advise him not to essay the character as dancing-master frequently, it is really out of his line. Mr. Walter Crosby (if he prefers the *nom-de-plume*) as 'Reuben' did very well, though the part is wearisome in itself when "spun out;" and Miss Madge Antoinette as 'Lia' pleased the house well. The play, if anything, is too long, and at times monotonous; and I would like to see a band in some respects abler than the present one. On Monday last the performances opened with *The Isle of St. Tropez*, a pleasing domestic drama, containing a spice of melodrama in it. It "went down" well with a fairly-sized audience; Mr. F. Wallace as 'Henri Desart' evincing much artistic ability, and Miss Roberts in the rôle of 'Amelia Desart' being interestingly faithful in her portrayal of the suspected wife. This was followed by the burlesque of *Ernani*.

PEUT-ETRE.

THE performances of Peut-être, the winner of the Cambridge-shire, are too recently in the memory of our readers to need recapitulation. We give his pedigree as follows:—

PEUT-ETRE.	Ventre St. Gris	Partisan	Walton	Sir Peter by Highflyer Aethusa by Duncannon
		Parasol	Parasol	Potosi by Eclipse Prunella by Highflyer
		Moses	Moses	Whalebone or Seymour Gohanna mare
		Pauline	Quadrille	Selim by Buzzard Canary Bird
		Y. Emilius (1822)	Emilius	Orville by Stamford Emily by Benford
	Nannykirk (or Cressley)	Cobweb	Cobweb	Phantom by Walton Flagree by Soothsayer
		Odino	Tigris	Quiz by Buzzard Persepolis by Alexander
		Miss Ann	Miss Ann	Figaro by Haphazard Tramp mare
		Touchstone	Camel	Whalebone by Waxy Penelope by Trumpator
		Dr. Syntax	Dr. Syntax	Master Henry by Orville Boadicea by Alexander
Favorite	Hervine	Daughter of	Daughter of	Paynator by Trumpator Benningbro' mare
		Mr. Wags	Langar	Ardrossan by John Bull Lady Eliza by Whitworth
		Parthenessa	Parthenessa	Selim by Buzzard Walton mare
		Royal Oak	Royal Oak	Cervantes by Don Quixote Marianne by Sorcerer
		Ada	Ada	Cotton by Golumpus Smolensko mare
Nannykirk (or Cressley)	Hervine	Poetess (dam of Monarque)	Poetess (dam of Monarque)	Whisker by Waxy Anna Bella by Shuttle

There can be no doubt but that Peut-être, judged by his public performances, is one of, if not the best three-year-old in France, but it was the height of temerity in his owner to throw down the gauntlet at weight for age to the "Prince of the T.Y.C." as he did the other day, and, as most people anticipated, received a hollow beating. As the winner of the last of the great autumn handicaps we, however, present our readers with the portrait of M. Aumont's horse, who, whatever questions there may be as to his handicap merits, seems to possess an average chance over cup courses during the ensuing year, in which (having changed hands) he will run in the well-known colours of the great French confederacy.

MR. SIDNEY SMITH, the well-known composer, gave a piano-forte recital at the Hanover Square Rooms on Wednesday last.

THE next novelty at the Olympic, it is reported, will be a new play by Mr. Albery.

THEATRE ROYAL, ALHAMBRA.—His Imperial Highness the Czarewitch and suite visited the Theatre Royal, Alhambra, on Wednesday night.

MR. GILBERT's original dramatic contrast entitled *Sweethearts* will be produced to-night at the Prince of Wales's, in conjunction with the revival of Mr. Robertson's comedy *Society*.

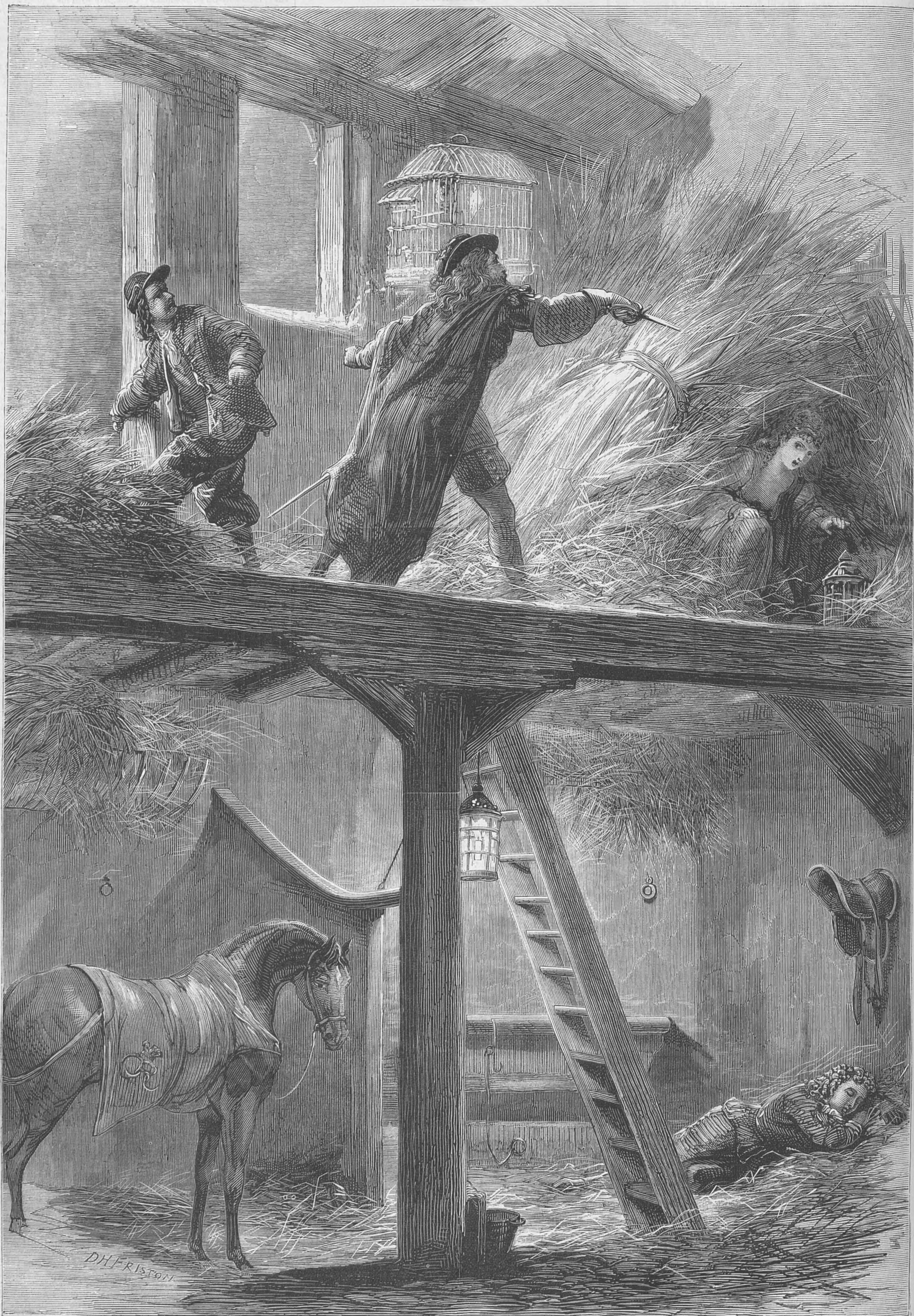
HERR VON BÜLOW's second and last pianoforte recital will be given at 3 p.m. to-day at St. James's Hall; the programme will include a large variety of compositions.

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON-ROUZEAUD has been received with enthusiasm at St. Petersburg, in the character of 'Marguerite,' in Gounod's *Faust*. M. Maurel, also, made a great success in the rôle of 'Mefisto.'

MR. EDWIN ELLIS, the talented musical director of the Adelphi and Princess's Theatres, is engaged in writing the music for the Christmas pieces at these theatres, viz.: *The Babes in the Wood*, for the Adelphi; *Beauty and the Beast*, for the Princess's.

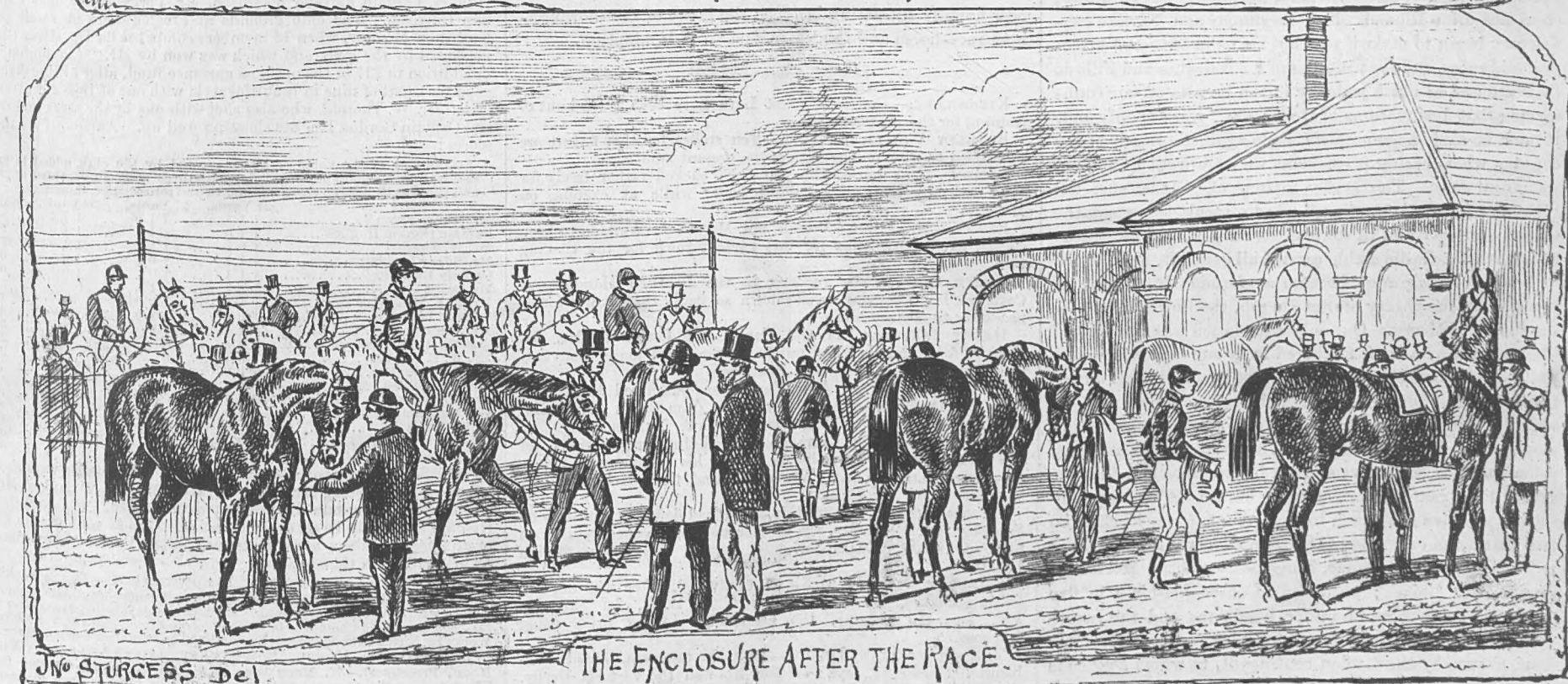
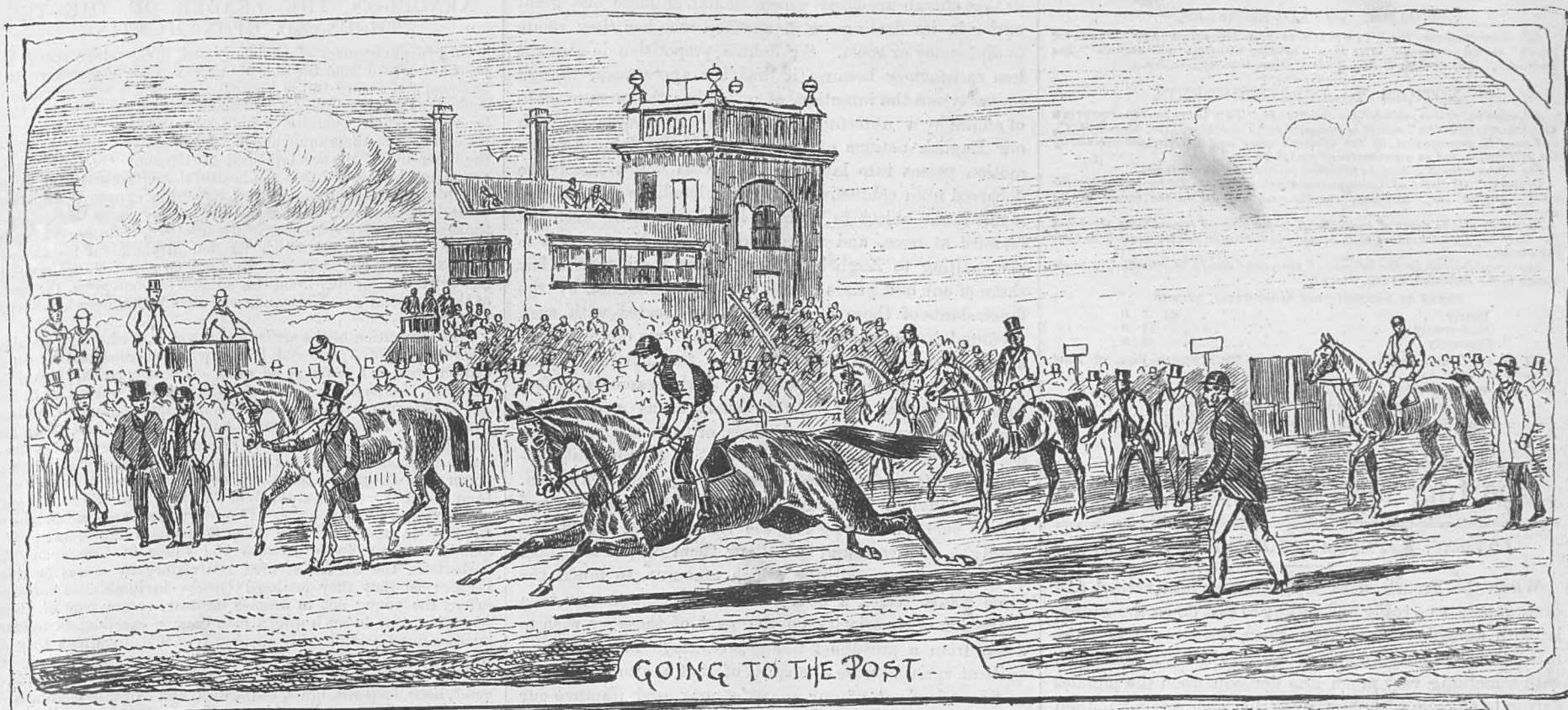
SIR JULIUS BENEDICT will attain the age of seventy on the 28th instant, and subscriptions are invited towards a testimonial, which will be presented to him on that occasion. Not merely for his genius as a composer, but also on account of the amiable social qualities for which he has been conspicuous during his forty years' residence amongst us, Sir Julius is universally beloved; and there is little doubt that the proposed testimonial will prove how much he has endeared himself to the English people.





SCENE FROM "NEWMARKET" AT THE HOLBORN THEATRE.





J<sup>no</sup> STURGEON Del.



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## THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON: SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1874.

WHEN the French were first initiated into racing, and came amongst us ready and willing to cast down the gauntlet with animals of their own, there is no concealing the fact that the mighty Jupiter of English sport looked down with something very much like derision upon the pigmies daring to engage with him upon his own ground. John Bull, clad in his wonted self-sufficiency, gazed rather contemptuously down upon the poor frog trying to fill his racing jacket, and Gallicising the jargon of the stable and the betting ring. The very idea of Mossoo owning, training, or riding an animal of which he is supposed to know nothing, was so eminently ridiculous that for a time we took no more notice of his proceedings than a lion of a butterfly. At last we condescended to admit him to our game, with much the same feelings as a lower boy at Eton might be admitted (if we can possibly conceive such a case) to join in a game of cricket in Upper Club. He could do no harm; and if it pleased him, it would not hurt us: and we anticipated his speedy retreat across the streak of silver sea with all his racing paraphernalia and animals bred from cast-offs from this island. We willingly conceded his horses Cup allowances, ostensibly with a view to put him on more equal terms with ourselves, but in reality to enhance our own pride and gratification by showing how superior we were to him in every point of racing policy and practice. After Jouvence, Baroncino, and Monarque had succeeded in carrying off three Goodwood Cups out of six, for the first time we began to realise the truth of the situation, and to become aware it was high time to withdraw allowances—a tacit admission that our neighbours across the Channel could bring to the post champions worthy of the country of their descent, and that it was high time we should be awakened out of our state of indifference to the attacks of no unworthy foe.

Gradually the idea dawned upon the British mind that not only had racing taken a very considerable hold on French affections, but that the day must shortly arrive when they would lay their best animals alongside the cream of our English champions, and perhaps in time become formidable competitors for the possession of our most cherished Blue Riband. The Lagrange and Niviere confederacy begin to make it very hot for us in two- and three-year-old races, and the triumphs of La Touques and Fille de l'Air aroused so much jealousy in the breasts of our countrymen that insinuations of "over age" were openly and, it must be said, ungenerously made against animals of the country whose racing pretensions we were wont to hold in such contempt. The Derby victory of Gladiateur, the "French West Australian," so to speak, crowned the edifice, and we could ill conceal our chagrin and mortification when the Gallic stable carried all before it, and the red and blue of Lagrange became as formidable, if not as popular, as the cherry of Sir Joseph, the Bowes black, or the yellow of Merry. Our only consolation was that we had been pierced by a shaft feathered from our own wings, and that out of the motley importations of less than half a century had been built up the stately edifice which cast so entirely into the shade our exalted notions of a racing monopoly. If, since the days of Gladiateur, our national pride has been somewhat soothed by the reflection that the great three-year-old prizes have been kept among ourselves, we have not much to crow about in considering the fact that in all our great Cups France has made her mark with such horses as Dollar, Flageolet, Sornette, Mortemer, Henry, and Boiard; while three Cambridgeshires in five years, to say nothing of minor handicaps and the Liverpool Steeple-chase, bear ample testimony to the formidable front shown by the foreign contingent, to which France is naturally the chief contributor.

Looking at matters in this light, it cannot but strike us that Sir John Astley's notice of motion at the next meeting of the Jockey Club is not altogether conceived

in that chivalrous spirit which should animate one great nation in its dealings with another, whether they relate to diplomacy or sport. Sir John's proposition is also the less satisfactory because it has the appearance, though probably not the intention, of reforming the present state of affairs by a subterfuge not exactly in accordance with our English notions of fair play. If Sir John Astley's motion passes into law, foreign horses will virtually be debarred from contesting our great handicaps at all, and if this is the object in view, it had better have been put forward at once, and without disguise. No doubt it is very galling to English feelings to see more than a fair share of our best prizes carried across the Channel, by the descendants of those very animals we treated with such profound disregard a few years ago; but we doubt if such an exhibition of bad taste as must be the inevitable result of Sir John Astley's proposition, if the same is unfortunately carried, will tend to exalt us as a nation of sportsmen among continental races, or to draw closer those desirable relations which should exist in all cordiality between devotees of the Turf, of whatever people or kindred. We have invited foreigners to a share in our game; and if they succeed in wresting the victory from us, it will hardly do to turn round and elbow them out, or ask them to perform impossibilities, which amounts to much the same thing. Such a course is almost tantamount to a confession of superiority on the part of those we wish to debar from a presumed undue advantage in sport; and quite at variance with the spirit of that motto which bids us take a leaf out of our enemy's book, and improve our present breed of horses up to the standard of our rivals.

It may be all very well for us to turn round, and complain of the prohibition against English horses contesting French prizes, and to murmur at an alleged want of reciprocity in this respect between the two nations—but we don't fancy "international" racing would suit many of our homestables, the work of which must be pretty well cut out for them in the yearly increasing succession of tempting stakes offered throughout the length and breadth of this island. Besides, in answer to such a peevish complaint, France can very well throw back in our teeth the Grand Prize of Paris, which invariably tempts some of our best horses across the water, even in the busy interval between Epsom and Ascot. We cannot think the Jockey Club will seriously consider for a moment such a motion as that down on the paper for discussion at their next meeting. And we confess to an inability to see how the labours and responsibilities of the handicapper would be lightened by a compulsory sojourn of foreign horses on British soil for a period of three months before any race for which they may be engaged. They might be "touted" indeed with much diligence, but no ingenuity could compel them to run in public, nor enable the imposer of weights to catch even a glimpse of their real form. We trust, therefore, that Sir John Astley will see fit to reconsider, and ultimately to withdraw, a proposition which is, to say the least of it, ungracious, and not unlikely to produce an ill feeling among our friends on the Continent. If the object of racing really be the improvement in the breed of horses, we should set about finding out the way by which France succeeds in producing first-class animals from elements we are inclined to designate as inferior or unworthy; and we should rather take our licking like men, instead of throwing up the sponge at the first knock-down blow by our pupils in Turf tastes. Otherwise we may clearly bid adieu to the *entente cordiale* now happily subsisting between the home of the thoroughbred race-horse and the "fair land" of his adoption.

KINGSLERE.—Douro and First Love have been turned out of training for the winter months.

BROMLEY WINTER MEETING.—Ten stakes for this fixture are advertised to close on the 17th of the present month.

SUTTON.—This horse, who had been backed rather freely for the Cambridgeshire, broke down badly while at exercise on Monday.

LEWES.—Mr. Marcus Verrall and Mr. C. A. Wells have been elected as headboroughs for this ancient town for the ensuing year.

NORTH STAR, while running in the Borough Handicap at Catterick last Thursday, broke down so badly that it was found necessary to destroy him.

HENRY JENNINGS has sold Daniel and Lorient to Mr. H. Baltazzi for "chasers," and purchased the brood mare, Convent, in foal to Cathedral, from Mr. Heathcote.

MONTABART.—Prince A. de Chimay has purchased Montabart, 6 yrs. (by Orphelin out of Maid of Hart), from Baron Rothschild, for steeple-chasing, and the horse will join A. Yates's string.

PEUT-ÊTRE.—Count Lagrange entered into negotiations for the purchase of this horse before he ran his match with Prince Charlie on Saturday last. We understand the purchase money was £3000.

PRINCE CHARLIE.—After this horse had defeated Peut-êtré on Saturday last, Mr. Jones, the breeder and joint owner, refused an offer of 10,000 guineas for him from a well-known foreign breeder.

SELBORNE was sold to Sir G. Chetwynd, after winning the Selling Stakes, over the last half of D.M., on Saturday last, for 410 guineas, the conditional selling price being 100 sovs.

THE AUSTRALIAN DERBY.—Reuter's telegram, dated Melbourne, October 31, says:—"Tait has won the Victoria Derby. Time 2 min. 46 sec." Mr. Tait, as our readers are aware, is a most influential Turfite at the Antipodes, and doubtless that gentleman has once more carried off the principal Australian prize, the name of his horse being omitted in the message. We must wait for details.

### XENOPHON, THE LEADER OF THE TEN THOUSAND, UPON HUNTING.

THE encouragement of all manly and invigorating sports and pastimes, which from the time of our Saxon forefathers have given boldness and daring to the English character, is very much to be desired, as the pursuits of a sportsman in no way incapacitate him for the beneficial exercise of his higher reason, nor render distasteful to him those branches of human culture which belong to the inner life of the accomplished gentleman. On the contrary, experience has proved that the healthful sports of the field are the best physic of the mind, and that while they expand the kindest feelings of the heart, and awake the human sympathies, they at the same time give acuteness to the intellect, and impart a vigour to the mental process which has led in abundant instances to great and deserved success. Perhaps no writer of modern days has written so forcibly upon this subject as Xenophon, the leader of the immortal Ten Thousand, who thus wrote, over a thousand years ago:—

"The invention of the art is from the gods, for hunting and dogs were the care of Apollo and Diana, who rewarded and honoured Chiron with a knowledge of them on account of his regard for justice. He, having received the gift, was delighted with it, and had as disciples in this and other honourable pursuits, Cephalus, Esculapius, Melanion, Nestor, Amphiarus, Peleus, Telamon, Meleager, Theseus, Hippolytus, Palamedes, Ulysses, Menestheus, Antilochus, Aeneas, Achilles, each of whom in his own day received power from the gods. All these men became such as they were from the instruction derived from Chiron; men whom the good still love and the bad envy. If misfortunes happened indeed to any city or ruler in Greece, they became its deliverers; or if a quarrel or war arose between the whole of Greece and the barbarians, the Greeks secured the victory by means of these heroes; so that they rendered Greece invincible. I therefore exhort the young not to despise hunting, or any part of liberal education; for by such means men became excellent in military qualifications, and in other accomplishments, by which they are necessarily led to think, act, and speak rightly."

After detailing the different modes of hunting all kinds of game, lions, leopards, bears, boars, deer, and hares, he continues:—"Concerning the modes of proceeding in the chase, I have now spoken. Those who are fond of the pursuit will receive many benefits from it; for they will secure health for their bodies, greater keenness of sight and hearing, and a later old age. It is also an excellent preparation for the toils of war, for in the first place, when hunters march under arms through difficult roads, they will not faint, but will endure the toil from being accustomed to such exertion in capturing wild beasts. They will likewise be able to sleep on hard couches, and will be excellent guardians of what is entrusted to them. In marches against the enemy they will both be in a condition to pursue their course and to do what they are ordered, because they are used to similar exertions in capturing beasts of prey. If they are placed in the front of the army, they will not leave their posts, as they are well qualified for persistence."

"In a rout of the enemy, they will pursue them straight onwards, and with safety, over every sort of ground, from being familiarised to such exercise. If their own army experience misfortune, they will be able in places that are marshy, or precipitous, or otherwise difficult, to save themselves as well as others without dishonour; for their practice in such exertions will supply them with greater knowledge than those around them. Such men, even when a great number of their allies have been put to flight, have renewed the contest, and by their well exercised strength and courage have repulsed the enemy, who were led into error by the difficulties of the ground; for it belongs to those who have their bodies and minds in good condition to be always near to good fortune."

"Our ancestors also, knowing that from such causes they had been successful against their adversaries, paid great attention to the exercises of the youth, for though they had in early times no abundance of the fruits of the ground, yet they did not think proper to hinder the young men from hunting over anything that grows upon the earth."

"From men thus exercised, therefore, are formed good soldiers and good leaders; for those from whose minds and bodies toil has eradicated unbecoming and licentious inclinations, and infused into them a desire of virtue, are the most excellent of citizens, since they will neither allow their metropolis to be wronged nor the lands of their country to be laid waste."

PIGEON SHOOTING.—The International Gun and Polo Club had a good afternoon's sport on Saturday last at Preston, near Brighton, when several £1 sweepstakes were decided, the chief winners being Mr. C. J. Eblen, Mr. W. R. Banks, Captain Gordon Hughes, Captain Forester Leighton, Mr. Percy Fuller, and Captain Harrison. The club grounds at Preston were also well attended on Monday, when 18 members competed for the silver cup presented by the club, and which was won by Mr. "Carrington," in addition to £17 of the optional entrance fund, after killing eight good birds out of nine in beautiful style with one of Boss's central-fires; Mr. W. Thorold, who also shot with one by the same maker, and Captain Gordon Hughes shooting well up. Appended are the scores:—

	25 Yards.	27 Yards.	30 Yards.	Kid.
Mr. "Carrington" .....	1 1 1	1 1 0	1 1 1	8
Captain Gordon Hughes .....	1 1 0	1 1 1	1 1 0	7
Mr. W. Thorold .....	1 0 1	1 1 1	1 1 0	7
Mr. Edgar Larking .....	1 1 1	1 0 1	1 0	6
Captain Harrison .....	1 1 1	1 0 1	1 0	6
Mr. Baird .....	1 0 1	1 1 1	0	5
Mr. J. A. Whitaker .....	1 1 1	1 0 0		4
Captain Leighton .....	0 1 1	1 1 0		4
Mr. "Rex" .....	1 1 0	1 0		3
Captain Aubrey Paton .....	1 0 1	0		2
Mr. W. R. Banks .....	1 0 1	0		2
Mr. Percy Fuller .....	0 1 1	0		2
Mr. C. J. Eblen .....	0 1 0			1
Mr. Chillingworth .....	0 1 0			1
Mr. Wenman Blake .....	1 0 0			1
Major Blake .....	0 1 0			1
Captain Bradford .....	0 0			0
Mr. Wykeham-Martin .....	0 0			0

In addition to the above event several £1 sweepstakes were shot off, the winners being Mr. Edgar Larking, Mr. W. R. Banks, Mr. Chillingworth, Captain Harrison, and Mr. Baird. On Saturday (to-day) there will be an optional sweepstakes as well as the £1 events, and members arriving from London by the "Aquarium train" will be in time to shoot.

EPPE'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Each packet is labelled JAMES EPPE & Co., Homeopathic Chemists, 48, Threadneedle Street, and 170, Piccadilly. Works for Dietetic Preparations, Euston Road and Camden Town.—[ADVT.]

ROYAL OPERA HOTEL, BOW-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN (WM. HOGG, Proprietor).—W. Hogg begs to inform his friends visiting the Theatres and the general public that the above hotel is open for their reception, under entire new management. Visitors from the country will find every comfort combined with economy at this old establishment. Ladies and gentlemen with children visiting the morning performances will find a very comfortable coffee-room and luncheon always ready. Dinners from the joint as usual. Good beds and private rooms. Public and private Billiard Rooms. A Night Porter.—[ADVT.]



REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.  
CHAPTER XVII.

IN October 1811, one of the Glasgow coaches was overturned in consequence of running a race with a post-chaise on the road from Edinburgh, whereby a Mr. Brown was killed, and his wife so bruised as to be in imminent danger. A verdict was found in January 1812, in consequence of an action brought in the Court of Sessions against the proprietors of both coach and chaise, when Lord Meadowbanks, Ordinary, found the defendants liable for the following damages:—

	£	s.	d.
To Mrs. Brown, in compensation of damages suffered by her person	300	0	0
To her for the loss of her husband	200	0	0
And to each of the children, eight in number, £130 each	1040	0	0
	1540	0	0

With full expense of process.

Occasionally, accidents occurred through mail-coaches racing against one another. In August 1819 an inquest was held at St. Albans on the body of Mr. William Hart, who lost his life by the overturning of the Holyhead mail, and a verdict of manslaughter was given, not only against the driver of the Holyhead mail, but against the coachman of the Chester mail, who were racing one against the other in a furious manner, when the coach was overturned. A gentleman who was on the coach-box at the time of the accident had his left leg shattered, and his right arm broken above the elbow, and two other passengers were severely hurt. Again we find the following authentic notice:—"August 23rd, 1808. Correct account of the late coach race, from authority of the parties. Started from Leicester on the 7th inst., the Patriot coach at 7 h. 50 minutes past, to Nottingham; arrived there exactly twelve minutes past ten o'clock, performed by Thomas Pettifer to Loughborough, and Simpson to Nottingham, carrying six passengers. Started from Leicester on the same morning, the Defiance coach at 7 h. 55 minutes past, to Nottingham; arrived there exactly ten minutes past ten o'clock, carrying thirteen passengers; ran by the Patriot near to Costock, in Nottinghamshire, performed by W. Pettifer, to Loughborough, and H. Bower to Nottingham."

Another instance of coach racing, through which the lives of the passengers were in great jeopardy, occurred at Brighton on the 13th of October 1816. "The Phoenix and Dart coaches, on leaving London, passed each other on the road, and the former kept the advantage within a mile of Brighton, when making the rising turn of the road, the Dart endeavoured to run by, and by some crossing manœuvre, the leaders got entangled. In the exertion to extricate them, the pole of the Phoenix was broken, and it upset. Very fortunately the horses got disentangled, and ran away, otherwise the consequences must have been dreadful. One passenger had a thigh broken, another had his arm dislocated, and the coachman and several others were much bruised. In consequence of the horses of the Dart taking fright, they ran away with the coach, which had the dicky knocked off, and threw two of the passengers into the road, which entirely prevented the coachman rendering any assistance to the other party." And here I may remark that at the same date, October 1816, the first English stage-coach was launched at Dieppe with all its paraphernalia. The horses being put to, Mr. Plant, of London, a coachman of about 18-stone weight, and a real John Bull, mounted the box, and astonished the inhabitants as much by the dexterity of cracking his whip as the bulk of his person for the burden of his horses. Away he started for St. Denis amidst the various grimaces of the populace. A company of London proprietors obtained the permission of running English stage-coaches between St. Denis and Paris, and three vehicles were soon sent for the same destination, with English coachmen, horses, harness, &c.

It may not be here uninteresting to mention that coaches were introduced into England by FitzAllan, Earl of Arundel, A.D. 1580, before which Queen Elizabeth on public occasions rode behind her chamberlain; and she in her old age used reluctantly such an effeminate conveyance. They were at first only drawn by two horses, but, as a writer of those days remarks, "the rest crept in by degrees, as men first ventured to sea." Historians, however, differ upon this subject, for it is stated by Stow (that ill-used antiquarian, who after a long laborious life was left by his ungrateful countrymen to beg his bread) that in 1564 Booner, a Dutchman, became the Queen's coachman, and was the first that brought the use of coaches into England, while Anderson, in his "History of Commerce," says, on the other hand, that about 1580 the use of coaches was introduced by the Earl of Arundel. It was Buckingham, the favourite, who about 1619 began to have a team of six horses; which, according to another historian, "was wondered at as a novelty, and imputed to him as a mastering pride." Before that time, ladies chiefly rode on horseback, either single, on their palfreys, or double behind some person, on a pillion. In the year 1672, at which period throughout the kingdom there were only six stage-coaches constantly running, a pamphlet was written and published by Mr. John Cresset, of the Charterhouse, urging their suppression; and amongst the great reasons given against their continuance was the following:—"These stagecoaches make gentlemen come to London on every small occasion, which, otherwise, they would not do, but upon urgent necessity; nay, the convenience of the passage makes their wives often come up, who, rather than come such long journeys on horseback, would stay at home. Then, when they come to town, they must presently be in the mode, get fine clothes, go to plays and treats, and, by these means, get such a habit of idleness and love of pleasure as makes them uneasy ever after." What would Mr. Cresset have said had he lived some forty years ago, in the palmy days of coaching—coaches full—able dragsmen—spicy teams, doing their eleven miles an hour with ease, without breaking into a gallop or turning a hair? or how surprised would the worthy chroniclers of 1672 be, at the present date, when "the convenience of the passage" performed by those annihilators of time and space, the railroads, enables parties to come up to London from Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, Bath, Bristol, Exeter, in time for the play or opera, and return home for dinner on the following day? To resume. The first mail-coach was established between London and Edinburgh about 1785, and to Glasgow in 1788, and from that period the use of mail and stage coaches rapidly extended itself, and there was scarcely a town through which they did not pass. After a time the heavy six-wheeled lumbering vehicle gave way to the light four-wheeled fast coach, and from the year 1825 until the establishment of railways nothing could exceed the "turns-out" on the principal roads. In 1833, the distance between London and Shrewsbury (154 miles), Exeter (171 miles), and Manchester (187 miles), was done in a day. The mail to Holyhead performed the journey (261 miles) in twenty-seven hours, and that to Liverpool (203 miles) in twenty-one hours. The journey to Brighton, was accomplished at the rate of twelve miles an hour, including stoppages, and the Bath, Bristol, Southampton, Oxford, and Cambridge coaches were famed for their excellent arrangements.

Before concluding, I must remark that, with very few exceptions, slung or suspended carriages were not in use until the 17th century. In the early carriages of this kind the straps were usually attached to a framework of wood at each end of the

vehicle, rising to a considerable height above the axles. To remedy the defects of the primitive slung carriage, it was found desirable to render the pillars from which the straps were suspended somewhat elastic. This could not be readily effected with wood, because the pillars were necessarily short, and, therefore, stiff. Hence arose the use of elastic steel supports, which gradually assumed the form now well known as C springs. These were formerly used for almost all kinds of carriage springs; but the great improvement of our roads and streets has made way for the introduction, in public conveyances and many private carriages, of the more compact straight and elliptic springs. Coach-makers apply distinct names to a great variety of springs. The straight spring, if single, or acting only on one side of the point at which it is fixed, is technically termed the single-elbow spring. The double-elbow spring is a straight spring, acting on both sides of the fixed point. Elliptic springs, which are usually a little curved, are used single in some carriages, between the axle and the framework; these springs are often used in pairs, under the name of nutcracker springs, the two springs being hinged together at each end, so as to form a long-pointed ellipsis. C springs, which are generally used in private carriages, merely consist of two-thirds of a circle, lengthened out into a tangent; the tangent being laid horizontally, and bolted down to the framework of the carriage. Telegraph springs are combinations of straight springs in sets of four. Tilbury springs are another combination of straight springs, used for the once fashionable two-wheeled carriage, called, after the inventor, a tilbury. Denet springs are a combination of three straight springs, two of them placed across the axle, and attached at their fore-ends to the shafts, or the framing of the body, and the third placed transversely, suspended by shackles from their hinder extremities, and fastened to the body at its centre. In some carriages loops of leather or caoutchouc have been used, instead of iron shackles, for connecting straight springs, by which means the motion is rendered more pleasant, and the rattling noise of the shackles is avoided. To meet the deficiencies of the springs in common use, the late Mr. Adams, of the Haymarket, than whom a more upright tradesman or a better coachbuilder never lived, contrived one, on the principle of the bow, which will yield in any direction, and may be made capable of adjustment, by means of screws, to a light or heavy load. This spring consists of a single plate of well tempered steel, forced into a curved form by the tension of a cord, which may be made of prepared hempen rope, or of a riband of iron or steel, and to which the axle is attached. Springs of this sort are now much used, both on common roads and on railways. Among the advantages claimed for them are their lightness and extreme elasticity, arising from the superior quality of the steel, and the absence of the friction which attends the action of common laminated springs. The well-known firm of Adams, of the Haymarket, which was highly patronised by royalty, by the 2nd Earl of Sefton, and other noblemen whose "turns-out" were faultless, is now carried on by Hooper, in Victoria Street, and those who wish to combine strength with elegance in a state coach, a "drag," a barouche, a brougham, a victoria, a sledge, a four-horse, double, or single harness, will find all they can desire at Hooper's, who is still supported by royalty and others.

SALE OF BLOOD STOCK BY MESSRS. TATTERSALL.

AT ALBERT GATE, ON MONDAY, NOVEMBER 2.

THE PROPERTY OF MR. JOHNSTONE.		Gs.
BRAS DE FER, br c, 4 yrs, by Voltigeur out of Sweetbriar, by Stockwell	Mr. Smith	63
WATCHWORD, b c, 4 yrs, by Warlock out of Curfew Bell, by Newminster	Mr. J. Nightingall	150
RUNNYMEDE, b c, 3 yrs, by King John out of England's Beauty, by Birdcatcher	Mr. Bates	100
Ch c by Ratanaplan out of Secret Service, by The Cure	M. André	420
TWEED, b c, 2 yrs, by Tynedale out of Hoodwink, by Backbiter	Mr. Bates	20
B c, 2 yrs, by Oxford out of Curfew Bell, by Newminster	Mr. King	20
Ch f, 2 yrs, by Mandrake out of Lady Flora, by Stockwell	Mr. Bates	60
THE PROPERTY OF MR. H. WRIGHT.		
HACKLER, gr g, by Frank out of Maid of the Hills	Mr. Grace	28
BEDGOWN, br m, 5 yrs, by Bedminster out of Violet, by Thormanby	Mr. Theobald	35
DELVER, br c, 2 yrs, by The Miner out of Lady Durham	Mr. Lowe	60
LE ROI CAROTTE, ch c, 2 yrs, by The Spy out of Duchess of Argyll, by Dundee	Mr. J. Abel	20
Ch f, 2 yrs, by Anglo-Saxon out of Ada Byron, by Blair Athol	Mr. Salford	100
TOMFOOLERY, brood mare, by King Tom out of Skit, by Orlando; covered by Anglo-Saxon	Mr. Ellam	155

THE PROPERTY OF MR. O. L. EVANS.		
MISS CLUMBER, b m, 6 yrs, by Wingrave out of Zoraide, by Balrownie	Mr. Potter	150
SUDELEY, br g, 5 yrs, by Prime Minister out of Blackbird, by Birdcatcher	Mr. Doncaster	55
BARROWDEX, b g, 3 yrs, by Lord Lyon out of Balverne, by Womersley	Mr. Davenport	105
DALBRECK, b c, 2 yrs, by Strathconan out of Slut, by West Australian	Mr. Etches	750
HAVANNAH, b c, 2 yrs, by Wingrave out of Latakia, by Polmoodie	Mr. Davenport	30
ESTCOURT, ch c, 2 yrs, by King of Trumps, dam by Blair Athol (Blair Hill's dam)	Mr. Sherwood	120
THE PROPERTY OF MR. H. BODEN.		
MARIA (h-b), b m, 6 yrs, by Hubert out of Myrrha, by Orpheus	Mr. Haines	70

SALE OF BLOOD STOCK IN VIENNA.

The following blood stock, the property of Count Henckel, was sold after the race meeting:—

	Gulden.
MERCURY (1865), by Lambton out of Starlight, by Kremlin	700
PROFESSOR (1871), by Lecturer out of Gaiety, by King Tom	100
PALESTRA (1867), by Palestro out of Lara, by Red Deer	530
SEIGE NUR (1869), by Giles I. out of Press Forward, by Pyrrhus the First	300
VICEROY (1870), by Prime Minister out of Princess Alice, by King Tom	1010
BRIGHTON (1871), by Bucaneer out of Diana, by Hartneistein	1010
BAHNFEI (1871), by Wild Huntsman out of Sexagesima, by Champagne	200
PALATINE (1871), by Palestro out of Last Trial, by Mountain Deer	210
HONTALON (1872), by Palestro out of Vesta, by Augur	200
SATELLIT (1871), by Salamander out of Press Forward	2000
Total	6260

THE LATE MR. W. WATT, OF BISHOP BURTON.—The will of this deceased gentleman contains, in addition to his bequest of £1000 to the Bentinck Charitable Fund at Newmarket, the sum of £3000 to the stewards or trustees for the time being of the race meeting at Beverley, upon trust, to expend every year the income thereof in a cup or piece of plate, to be inscribed with his name, and to be run for annually at the summer or such other race meeting at Beverley as the stewards or trustees shall decide, and he leaves it to their discretion either to institute a separate race, or to add it as an additional to the winner of the Bishop Burton Stakes.

THE AMERICAN DRAMA.

BY A. E. L.

GIVE us a local sensational play,  
Scenery painted in order;  
Give us a local celebrity too,  
Like Judge B—, or the City Recorder;  
Throw in a concert-saloon and a slum,  
Add what the Romans called *fama*  
(*Fama clamosa* means scandal, you know),  
And you have the American Drama.

Don't write a comedy, or, if you do,  
Epigram isn't the fashion.  
If you've a *penchant* for smart repartee,  
Go, tear to tatters that passion.  
Open your play in a show-room, my boy—  
If a milliner's, so much the better;  
The satins, silks, laces, flowers, feathers, and fuss  
Will make every lady your debtor.

Don't write a tragedy, or, if you do,  
Bring in Italian *padroni*;  
Lug in forlorn little Slaves of the Harp,  
Made up to look good and bony.  
Work up a mother with woe in her voice  
As deep as the voice heard in Ramah;  
Get Mr. Freligh to bring the thing out—  
That's the American Drama.

Walk till you come to the Battery, man:  
There you will see Castle Garden;  
There Emmet got "Fritz." No, 'twas Gayler, you say.  
Little Gayler? So 'twas—beg his pardon.  
Go to Wood's Museum, stare till inspired,  
Where Lucille is at present the siren;  
Ponder on Oliver Doud—Byron Doud—  
I mean Oliver Doud, yes, Doud Byron.

Don't write a semi-historical play—  
Played out are plays patriotic;  
The kind which the public prefers nowadays  
Is something a little erotic.  
Burlesques and travesties do very well  
On Columbus or Vasco de Gama,  
But serious history, decently played—  
That's not the American Drama.

Give us French pickings and stealings, all hot,  
Insert your own name in the version;  
Costs nothing—quite different from having to pay  
Half a dollar for every insertion.  
Go, bully managers, claim half the house,  
Get called out in front of the curtain,  
Make speeches, make money, make trouble, make haste,  
And I think I'll say also, make certain.

Write something Frou-Frouish—something that sports  
On the brink of the Seventh Commandment,  
That flies through the bull's eye of vice, or at least  
To adultery's circle is tangent.  
Make your sin-sorrowing heroine die  
On the breast of her dumb-stricken mamma,  
To moonlight, slow curtain, soft music, and then  
You approach the American Drama.

Write some Niblonian *libretto*, in which  
Every dress shall be spangled and jaunty,  
Boxes, pit, circles, to silence enthralled  
By the twinkling toe-twirls of Bonfanti.  
Fill the five acts, from beginning to end,  
With the morals one meets with in "Beppo";  
And when you're in need of a side-splitting joke,  
Make "I want to go home" come from *Greppo*.

And then when old age says, "You're wanted, my friend,"  
And you pick your way blindly to Hades,  
And the plaudits grow faint, and you think of the days  
When your photograph hung out at Brady's,  
This heavenly solace will strengthen your soul  
As you yield up your spirit to Brahma:  
"Not in vain have I borrowed my plays from the French  
And improved the American Drama!"

—The Arcadian.

INDEPENDENCE, entered to be sold for 100 sovs. in the Selling Stakes, T.Y.C., on Saturday last, was sold after the race to Captain Warburton for 220 guineas.

THE LATE JOHN LILLYWHITE.—The remains of John Lillywhite, who died at his residence in Euston Square last Tuesday week, were interred in Highgate Cemetery on Saturday afternoon last, the funeral being attended by a large number of lovers of cricket.

A WINDFALL.—A York cabman, named Blair, in the employ of Mr. Johnson, cab proprietor, of Bootham, York, has just fallen into the handsome inheritance of over £17,000. Blair resides at Fulford, a village adjacent to York, was formerly of Newark, and he is one of a family of eight, amongst whom is shared the handsome sum of £150,000.

A LONG RIDE.—Lieutenant von Zubovitz, a Hungarian Honved officer, who has engaged to ride on the same horse from Vienna to Paris in a fortnight, for a wager, has won the first part of his bet by reaching the stage Efferding on Tuesday last a full hour before his time. He has thereby cleared a sum of 7000 florins.

SALMON FISHING.—Rod fishing for salmon on the rivers Dee, Don, and Deveron closed on Saturday last. On all three rivers the sport of the last few weeks has been splendid. Several fish weighing 30 lbs., in good condition, were taken last week in the Deveron, which is swarming with fish. Spawning has now begun, and the state of the rivers is favourable for the operation.

AUSTRALIAN ITEMS.—By the Australian "Racing Calendar" for 1874 we learn that 1098 horses ran during the year, of which 377 were credited with winning brackets; 79 horses were handicapped for the Melbourne Cup, and the Maribyrnong Plate (the Middle Park of Victoria) has 50 two-year-olds engaged; the Mares Produce Stakes of 1875 has 68 entries; the same race in 1876 having 97 entries, whilst for 1877 145 mares are put down.

THE INTERNATIONAL RIFLE TROPHIES AT EDINBURGH.—On Saturday afternoon last the three international trophies won by Scottish volunteers at Wimbledon were formally escorted by the Edinburgh and Leith volunteers to the Museum of Science and Arts, where they were delivered to the Lord Provost as lord-lieutenant of the city. Many of the members of the Scottish Twenty and of the winning teams were present.

HORSES.—TAYLOR'S COUGH POWDERS.—To be had of chemists, 2s. 6d. per box, eight powders. These powders will be found the best remedy for horses' coughs, colds, sore throats, influenza, &c., and, as they are given in a bran mash, will be found the best means of giving medicines and obviate the danger of choking, so liable in giving a ball when horses are suffering from sore throat, &c.—[ADVT.]



## CHARLES KEAN'S 'HAMLET.'

JUST at the present juncture, when the modern generation of playgoers are absorbed in the discussion of Mr. Henry Irving's impersonation of 'Hamlet,' and when the impressions of older critics have received a somewhat rude shock in the novel reading of the character adopted by the tragedian who is now performing at the Lyceum Theatre, the portrait which we now give of the late Mr. Charles Kean as the 'Prince of Denmark' may not be uninteresting, as illustrating the style and costume which at the time had become almost historically associated with the part. Since the time of Kean there may be said to have been no 'Hamlet' worthy of note on the British stage, and it has been reserved for Mr. Irving to revive the popular interest in the Shakspearian drama by the force of his own talent, untrammelled by the conventional readings which inspired his predecessors in that branch of histrionic art. We reproduce a slight sketch of Mr. Charles Kean's life, which appeared in the *Illustrated London News* of February 2, 1856, at a time when it was currently rumoured that it was her Majesty's intention to bestow a knighthood on the distinguished actor, and which will just now be read with interest.

"Charles John Kean, the second and only surviving son of that great original genius, Edmund Kean, was born in Ireland, at Waterford, where his father happened to be performing with the company which annually paid a short visit to the 'urbs intacta.' His mother, Mary Chambers, was also a native of Waterford, descended from the highly respectable family of Cuffe, long settled in that county. In his fourteenth year he was placed at Eton to complete his education, his father fixing his allowance for board and tuition at £300 per annum. His tutor was the Rev. Mr. Chapman, afterwards Bishop of Ceylon. Many of his contemporaries at that seat of classic learning have won fame and fortune by personal ability, integrity, and perseverance—innate elements which raise men above the crowd, even when unassisted by the accidents of fortune. The same impelling causes have placed his own name high in the distinguished list.

"When Charles Kean entered Eton, in the happy sunshine of boyhood, and with bright prospects before him, he had been led by both his parents to expect the inheritance of an ample fortune, and had been repeatedly assured that he should choose his profession. His mother preferred the Church; his father inclined to the Navy; but his own predilection was decidedly for a military career. There can be no doubt whatever that Edmund Kean might have maintained his family in all the elegances of life, and have left behind him a realised sum approaching to £100,000. Since the days of Garrick no actor had received so much money in so short a space of time. But clouds had been gradually darkening, and a crisis was at hand. It is needless here to dwell on particulars, or to say more than that, in his seventeenth year, the subject of this brief memoir was compelled to adopt the stage as the only possible channel through which he could obtain subsistence for himself and his mother. Thus Charles Kean became an actor. Necessity, and not preference, decided his lot in life.

"His first appearance took place at Drury Lane, in the character of 'Young Norval.' He was totally without experience or preparation; yet some good judges who were present, and unswayed by prejudice, could detect, even through all the rawness of an unformed style and the embarrassment of a novel situation, the germs of latent ability and the promise of future excellence. The audience received him with kindness and indulgence; but the published criticisms were unanimous in condemnation. The crude effort of a schoolboy was dealt with as the matured study of a practical man. Discouraged, and almost in despair, he toiled through the season, obtaining few opportunities and little encouragement. He then betook himself to the provinces and commenced the drudgery of a long apprenticeship, with hard labour and slow advancement. During this interval he made his first visit to the United States, where he was received with warm cordiality, and whence he returned with reputation and profit.

"In 1833 he was engaged by Laporte, at that time manager of Covent Garden, and acted 'Iago' to the 'Othello' of his father, on the night when the great tragedian faltered and broke down during his last performance. The hour had not yet arrived when the son was to be acknowledged as his legitimate successor, and he had yet much pertinacious opposition to encounter before he was to reach the eminence to which he aspired, and which something within him whispered that he was surely destined one day to attain. He left London again, resolved to return no more until in a position to stipulate for his own terms. In a few years he reached this long coveted point of his ambition; and in 1838 reappeared in the Metropolis with a degree of fame which no country actor had ever achieved before, and repeated his opening character of 'Hamlet' for twenty-one nights (twelve without intermission) to a succession of houses more crowded than any that had been attracted since the first appearance of his father in 1814.

"During this season he received the high compliment of a public

dinner in the saloon of Drury Lane Theatre, on which occasion he was also presented with a magnificent silver vase, value £300. At this dinner Lord Morpeth, now the Earl of Carlisle and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, was to have presided; but he was detained unexpectedly in the House of Commons, and the chair was taken, and most ably filled, by the Vice-President, the Marquis of Clanricarde. Above 150 persons were present, including many names eminent by their talent and literary reputation. A similar tribute has been often paid to celebrated men on the close of a long public career; but to a beginner on his outset this was without precedent. The speeches, as may be supposed, were

"When her Majesty commenced the series of private performances at Windsor Castle which have had such a beneficial influence on our national drama, and restored the prestige of fashion which had long been withdrawn, Mr. C. Kean was selected as director, a post of great honour, and a most flattering mark of royal favour, but one at the same time beset with difficulties, and requiring in its discharge the most consummate tact, impartiality, and delicacy—all of which rare qualities he has exhibited on many trying occasions. It was at one time very currently reported that he was about to receive a more permanent and substantial token of the satisfaction he had given in the highest quarter. We feel quite certain that the realisation of this rumour would have been hailed with equal delight by the public and the profession of which Mr. C. Kean is such a distinguished ornament. Whether in his private character, or on public grounds, as an actor and manager, a more appropriate instance could scarcely be selected as an exception to the rule of precedent. Poets, painters, and sculptors, scientific and scholastic professors, have often been distinguished by titles, pensions, and honorary degrees; but the art which combines to some extent the blended qualities and excellencies of all has never yet (in England) been made the subject of equal consideration."

## OUR ACTRESSES.

THOUGH at the present day there would seem to be very few actors who can really conceive and with power and originality render even the less difficult characters in Shakspeare's plays, we think that the most inveterate praiser of times gone by and grumbler at the state of the drama must allow that we have many men of the very highest merit in their various lines: no one who has been for the last ten years a frequenter of London theatres can fail to have seen, much more than once or twice, performances which have stamped themselves indelibly on the memory—men who have fairly earned great names for themselves, if not perhaps in 'King Lear,' or 'Othello,' or 'Falstaff,' yet in 'Digby Grant,' 'Rip van Winkle,' and 'Joseph Surface.' A Garrick or a Betterton scarcely comes twice in a century; but that we have now several really great actors is hardly to be disputed.

But of our actresses we can hardly be so proud. If there are few men now on the stage who can play Shakspeare, there are, we might almost say, no women. Where are we to look for a really satisfactory 'Lady Macbeth,' or 'Juliet,' 'Rosalind,' or 'Beatrice'? Have we an actress now in London who could play any one of these parts thoroughly to the satisfaction of a critic whose judgment had not been dulled by a long course of the modern stage—how many have we who could even play a minor Shakspearian part with a real comprehension of the poetry, of the delicate shades of meaning, of the grace and wit in the lines she had to utter? Alas! how many are there who would even speak them in pure English, in the clear modulated voice of an educated lady?

We have at least two charming comedy actresses, Mrs. Bancroft and Miss Robertson; Mrs. Charles Viner and Mrs. Mellon excel in parts of strong pathos—the latter being also, of course, a sterling comedian; Miss Farren has often given proofs of wonderful power, apparently doomed to be frittered away in burlesque; and Mrs. Vezin, Miss Ermsone, Miss Caroline Hill, Miss Cavendish, Miss Foote, and several others, possess real power in their various lines. In some of these ladies may even be traced signs of the qualities

needed to make actresses worthy of the greatest parts—'Juliets' and 'Ophelias,' not exactly mute and inglorious, but with their powers wasted for want of due direction and development, are not uncommon on our stage; but for trained and perfected artists, with natural powers worthy of being trained to their highest, we search at present totally in vain.

For artists, that is, of the highest class. In their way, we ask for nothing better than Mrs. Mellon's 'Tiddy Draggleshorpe,' Mrs. Bancroft's 'Naomi Tighe,' Miss Robertson's 'Lilian Vavasour'; these are all good things, for which it is difficult to be too thankful. But art has loftier achievements than these "character-parts"—there are characters for which thorough education, long stage-practice, beauty, physical power, and that undefinable quality called *genius*, are every one needed, with, to ensure their utmost exercise, industry, love for the art, and artistic conscience; and which of our actresses can be said to combine all these qualities, of which so many popular young ladies have literally only one—the third? Leaving Shakspeare out of the question, compare the dramatic art of the present day in this respect with its contemporary literature—how would our leading actresses realise the conceptions of the novelists and poets who have so wonderfully developed the narrow range of character to which "heroines" of old were limited? Have we anyone who could satisfy the most reasonable of us as 'Dorothea Brooke,' as the charming 'Princess of Thule,' most of all as 'Romola'? Could we obtain a view of 'Beatrice Esmond' or 'Becky Sharpe' on the stage of to-day that would make those wonderful creations more real to us? 'Guinevere' and 'Vivien' are hopeless, of

(Concluded on page 134.)



MR. CHARLES KEAN AS 'HAMLET.'

eloquent and characteristic. That of Charles Kean in particular was remarkable for the modest and unassuming tone in which he spoke of himself and his pretensions.

"From the period of this great success in 'Hamlet,' followed up by 'Richard the Third' and 'Sir Giles Overreach,' there remained no longer any doubt as to the position which Charles Kean was thenceforward to hold. His place in the foremost rank of the profession was established. From this he has advanced step by step, outstripping competition, until he has reached the summit, and stands enrolled on that exalted level with the most illustrious of his predecessors.

"In January, 1842, Mr. C. Kean married Miss Ellen Tree—an attachment of long standing, and in every respect 'a well-assorted union.' With this amiable and accomplished lady he not only obtained a large addition to his worldly store, but an endowment of more inestimable price—the certainty of domestic happiness. They have only one child, a daughter, now in her thirteenth year. In 1851, in conjunction with Mr. Keeley, Charles Kean entered on the management of the Princess's Theatre; but the partnership was dissolved by mutual consent, at the close of the first season, and he has since then wielded the dramatic sceptre alone. How he has done so, with what satisfaction to the public, and increased reputation to himself—with what unprecedented accuracy and effect, with what magnificent acting, as well as the most minute attention to all the subordinate mechanical appliances—the great plays of Shakspeare, such as *Hamlet*, *Henry the Fourth*, *King John*, *Richard the Third*, *Macbeth*, and *Henry the Eighth*, have been placed before the public, are subjects of recent notoriety and universal encomium.



# Pirate Theatricals at Kenham Hall

Mr. Hawwood



Stage Manager



Mr. Brezeliy Russell



Babicombe



Pipette



The old Ladies



The Sergeant



Bumblehardt



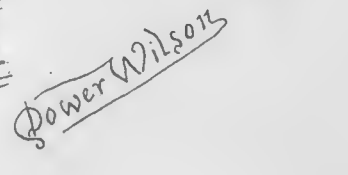
Martha



Peter a young farmer



Power Wilson





course, though perhaps an 'Elaine' might be found, and a 'Dora' (indeed we had a most charming one in Miss Terry a few years ago); and almost the only prominent constructor of feminine characters who could hope for any adequate exponents is Mr. Anthony Trollope—the Robertsonian comedies gave us many pleasant reminders of 'Lily Dale' and 'Lucy Roberts'; but even of possible 'Lily Dales' the stage possesses scarcely half a dozen.

The simple fact is, that educated and modest ladies will not enter the theatrical profession; and, if we are to take the word of the few exceptions who prove this unhappy rule, they are perfectly right not to do so. Genius must sooner or later work its way to the front; but when we consider what a rarity true genius is, what associations the novice must submit to, what loss of friends and misconception in the eyes of the world, we must confess that no possibility of fame or money could make up to a lady not bred in the profession for what she has to endure when she enters it.

We have spoken strongly; but it is a simple fact that three out of four London actresses do not speak thoroughly pure English; that there are not a dozen ladies on the stage who could play any one of Shakspeare's heroines even respectably; that young women without education, without refinement, even without enough knowledge of their art to make themselves really audible, are, more than frequently, put forward in prominent parts at leading West-end theatres: where besides dozens of pretty girls appear in minor parts with simply no qualifications at all for them.

Worst of all, this state of things shows at present no signs of amendment; but that there is one small and distant sign we hope. Of late years many thoroughly educated young men, some from college, nearly all from good public schools, have entered the profession; and there seems some little hope that the improvement of the stage and its status in society which this ought to effect will some day make it possible for a lady without loss of self-respect to avow herself "an actress." Some really high-class college of elocution, and stage-training generally, might also, if it were thoroughly well managed (and if it be possible), do much for the stage; but it would seem that for many years to come want of culture, grace, and modesty are likely to distinguish most even of those who have obtained the name of leaders, of "stars," even, of the first magnitude, among our British actresses. ll.

Foreign Correspondence.

PARIS, Wednesday, November 4.

THE racing season is rapidly drawing to a close, and the final contests of the year, all of which take place during the present month, do not promise to be remarkably attractive. We had steeple-chases last Sunday at Auteuil, where there will be two more *réunions* on the 8th and the 15th, the Vésinet gathering being reserved for the 22nd, and that of La Marche for the 29th. They will none of them be *hors ligne*, however; in fact, I fancy matters will be rather the reverse, for there is scarcely a decent steeple-chaser left in France. The Bordeaux flat races, which take place on the 12th and 15th, are likely to be more interesting, and on the 16th, I may mention, there will be a meeting at Vic-Bigorre, in the South of France.

Last Sunday's Auteuil gathering opened with the Prix de l'Administration des Haras, which resulted in the victory of Baron Finot's La Veine, the second place being secured by the same owner's Marin, and the third by M. Forcinal's Epi d'Or. Eight competitors started for the Prix de Boulogne, which ensued. On passing before the tribunes, Count Legonidec's Partridge fell into the stream, throwing his jockey over his head, and shaking him rather badly. Bolero, belonging to Count St.-Sauveur, was the first to reach the post; M. Baresse's La Prasle coming in second, and Captain Delamarre's La Grône obtaining third honours. Bolero was offered for sale at £200; but no purchaser presented himself. On starting for the Prix de Reugny, Vicomte de Buisseret's Fougère fell into the stream near the fortifications, while, a few seconds later, M. Valender's Pélopia bolted on reaching the hedge placed beyond the rivulet. Neither of them continued the race, which, henceforth, became a match between Mr. Hennessy's No Good and M. Gougeon's Aventurier—the latter reaching the post a winner by a length. Count Delamarre's Madzia was third. The *réunion* closed with the Great Hedge Race, for which five competitors started. It was already growing late, and the evening mist was rising from the ground, so that the incidents of the struggle were somewhat difficult to follow. Baron Finot's Nestor II proved victorious, his stable companion, Coureuse de Nuit, obtaining the second place; and Comte de St.-Sauveur's Montfort finishing a very bad third.

M. Delâtre's filly, Chipie, which recently won the Prix de Sylvie, at Longchamps, has been bought by Baron Springer, one of the most successful stud owners of Austria. One of his horses, of French origin—Séraphin—recently gained an important prize at Vienna.

In 1865 and 1866, the horses exported from France did not exceed in value from £160,000 to £200,000. To-day, however, this country's equine exports represent a value of more than half a million sterling. Official publications just issued inform us that the number of French stallions sent abroad in 1872 was 992; in 1873, 616; and during the first nine months of 1874, 536. With regard to geldings, her exports amounted in 1872 to 7126; in 1873, to 12,990; and from January to September of the present year, to 11,959. The equine question excites so much interest just now that it may not be uninteresting to note how these exports were subdivided:—

	1874.	1873.	1872.
To Great Britain .....	5,713	6,773	3,081
Belgium .....	2,033	2,491	1,062
Germany .....	2,067	1,899	1,347
Italy .....	523	321	233
Switzerland .....	986	995	941
Other countries .....	638	921	412
	11,959	12,990	7,126

With regard to the mares exported, the government statistics divide them as follows:—

	1874.	1873.	1872.
To Great Britain .....	1,609	2,112	1,320
Belgium .....	730	678	533
Germany .....	1,411	1,067	835
Italy .....	182	133	138
Switzerland .....	761	899	1,253
Other countries .....	462	93	204
	5,217	4,957	4,265

No mention is made of the destination of the thousand or twelve hundred colts annually sent abroad by France, and only 10,000 mules are indicated as being sent to Spain, although the latter country generally receives some 15,000 every year from this side of the Pyrenees.

Among the various matters which the Minister of Agriculture has just now under consideration, one of the most important is the reorganisation of the French Haras. At the present moment the government studs comprise 1087 stallions (84 Arabians, 103 English, 18 Anglo-Arabians, 859 half-breds, and 23 others), which number, according to the law voted last May by the National Assembly, is to be raised to 2500 by annual additions of 200 stallions. The Minister appears to be somewhat perplexed in

what proportion to effect the new purchases; it being necessary to take into consideration the essentially variable requirements of the different equine regions through which the 22 government *dépôts* are scattered. The stallions employed in Normandy, where the breeding mares are handsome, well-proportioned animals, are neither adapted to the northern nor to the south-eastern regions, and *vice versa*. The army service, now that the number of cavalry regiments has been raised to 72, will require 90,000 horses. Under present circumstances the equine stock of France is not sufficiently extensive to furnish such a large number of steeds, and it is necessary for the Administration des Haras to stimulate and develop production by all possible means.

*Apropos of la chasse*, I may mention that there was a grand *battue* the other day at Compiègne, the *faisanderie* of which is rented by Sir Richard Wallace. The guests comprised Vicomte de Toustain, Prince de Caraman, Comte de Villeplaine, Comte de Sesmaisons, the Sous-Préfet of Compiègne, and MM. de la Motte and Fessart, Inspectors of Forests. The total number of *pièces de gibier* slain was 1212. It is M. Fessart who has reorganised the Compiègne preserves, which suffered most severely during the war of 1870. There are immense quantities of game just now at the Paris market of La Vallée, quails and ortolans being especially abundant, and snipes commencing to arrive in large numbers. There is the usual supply of venison, partridges, hares, and pheasants. Boars, however, are rare, and fetch from £3 to £4 10s. a piece. There have been numerous animated meetings this week at the Tir aux Pigeons, at the Cercle des Patineurs, Bois de Boulogne. Among the most successful shots, I may mention Captain Fane, Prince Poniatowski, Count Orloff, and MM. de Saint-Clair and Lambertye.

Among the numerous *premières* of the week, the first place undoubtedly belongs to that of *L'Idole*, less on account of the piece's own merits, as by reason of the triumphant success which Mlle. Rousseil has achieved in it. This talented actress, formerly a *pensionnaire* of the Comédie Française, was rather abruptly dismissed from the theatre of the Rue Richelieu somewhat more than a year ago; since then she has performed in various directions, and the other evening found her on the boards of the little Théâtre des Arts, interpreting the part of the Duchesse d'Argèves, the heroine of MM. Crisapilli and Stapleaux's new drama. The first two acts of *L'Idole* are wonderfully like *Antony*—Andrée d'Argèves, the Duchess, being another Adèle d'Hervey, Antony transforming himself for the occasion into M. Reginald de Thérigny. The Duchess is good, lovable, and virtuous, like Adèle d'Hervey, and passes her life at the bedside of her husband, who is an incurable paralytic. Reginald de Thérigny has fallen madly in love with *la belle patricienne*, and pesters her with *billets-doux* and declarations. But all his prayers and entreaties rest without reply. At length, in an agony of despair, he provokes in duel an English lord (!) who is known never to miss his shot. The duel is about to take place, when the circumstances come to the knowledge of the Duchess. The feeling that Reginald is rushing to certain death vanquishes all her good resolutions. She beseeches him not to fight, and consents to become his mistress. Such is the situation when the curtain rises on the third act. For a few months Reginald has left the future to take care of itself, but the moment has now come when he must take a resolution. The truth is, he is ruined. The post of third secretary at the St. Petersburg embassy is offered to him for six months, and on his return he is to be admitted into the *cabinet* of the Foreign Minister. But the idea of a separation, however short, naturally distracts the Duchess. She beseeches Reginald not to go, offers him her private fortune, and does her utmost to impede his departure. M. de Thérigny naturally declines to accept her money, and eventually starts to take possession of his post, leaving the Duchess at the bedside of her paralytic husband. The scene of the last act is laid at St. Petersburg. Reginald has been a year in the Russian capital, and during the last three months he has not received a single line from Madame d'Argèves. Has she forgotten him? It seems like it, and M. de Montenac, one of Reginald's colleagues, endeavours to impress upon him that such must be the case. Seconded by the influence of a great Russian personage, General Naridoff, General Director of the Postal Service, who is desirous of marrying his niece to de Thérigny, for whom he feels much esteem and affection, Montenac succeeds in obtaining the consent of his friend to espouse the Russian heiress. The contract is consequently signed, and the necessary preparations made. Meanwhile it appears that Naridoff, as Postmaster-General, has suppressed the Duchess's correspondence, including a final letter, in which Madame d'Argèves informed Reginald that her husband was dead and she was free. This is rather a violent accusation launched against a Russian functionary—however, *passons*. The Duchess leaves for Russia. She is determined to see Reginald alive or dead. The first object that meets her gaze on entering his *salon* is the *corbeille de nocces*; a minute later M. de Thérigny comes in and stands mute and stupefied with amazement in presence of her whom he has never ceased to love. All Madame d'Argèves' pent-up anguish then bursts out. "You took my honour," she exclaims, "return it me! You owed me your name, and you rob me of it. Believe me, I am not one of those poor women whom one cajoles and abandons; whom one vilifies and then forgets; and I will not leave this room without having revenged myself." And before Reginald can prevent her, she plunges a dagger into her breast. The servants, M. de Montenac, M. de Naridoff, and other personages, enter. Raising herself up, the agonising Duchess points to Reginald, and exclaims in a gasping voice: "I was the mistress of that man . . . I stood in his way . . . and he has murdered me!" The effect is overpowering. It is the reverse of the *démolition* of *Antony*: "She resisted me . . . and I assassinated her." Doubtless there are many weak points in this last act. Reginald's justification is neither plausible nor sufficient; the authors save the situation, however, when he attempts to defend his conduct by complaining of the Duchess's long silence by the words they put into Madame d'Argèves' mouth. "*Belle raison!*" she cries. "I . . . when I ceased receiving news from you, I . . . thought that you were dead!" As for Mlle. Rousseil's success in the part of the heroine, it was complete; and I may say without exaggeration that it has been the dramatic event of the week. M. Paul Esquier, who debuted in Paris in the difficult rôle of Reginald, was also frequently applauded.

On the same evening as *L'Idole* was given for the first time at the Théâtre des Arts, the Comédie Française revived Alexandre Dumas' *Demi-monde*. In days of yore, when the "Prince of Romancists" then almost juvenile son was doing his best to confirm the *demi-mondain* empire in Paris, another author was steadily preparing its downfall, and with the appearance of *Les Filles de Marbre*, *ces dames* began to totter on their throne. In this celebrated piece, one of the greatest successes of modern times, the *Lorrettes* were held up to popular execration, and displayed in all their hideous cynicism. The impetus having been given, Dumas thought it advisable to follow the current of popular opinion, and in his *Diane de Lys* he planted in striking colours the dangers of improper affection. The blow was followed up by M. Emile Augier with his *Mariage d'Olympe*, and the author of the *Dame aux Camélias* put the crown on the whole by the remarkable comedy which a select audience of the most fashionable Paris society assembled the other evening to see per-

formed on the first stage in France. The *Demi-monde* was originally played at the Gymnase, and it had never before had the honour of appearing at the theatre of the Rue Richelieu. As is well known, it is interdicted in London, thanks to the discerning judgment of the Lord Chamberlain; but it is worthy of remark that in Paris it receives the same honour as the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Molière and Racine. Its plot is simple enough. An officer is just on the point of falling a victim to one of *ces dames*, and allying his unsullied name to infamy, when a friend unmasks her character and saves him, consoling the lover's regret for his lost illusions by this phrase, which has become famous: "Remember, my dear fellow, that an honest woman is only worthy to become the wife and companion of an honest man." One of the best hits of the piece is that *à propos* of the two baskets of peaches at Chevet's, as illustrative of two types of the softer sex: those at 30 sous and those at fifteen are precisely similar to the casual observer; but on closer inspection the latter have a speck. As regards the acting the other evening, the greatest success was for Mlle. Broisat in the rôle of 'Marcelle.' Mlle. Croizette was scarcely as spirited as usual in the part of 'Susanne d'Ange.'

On Monday evening the Bouffes Parisiennes gave the first performance of *Madame l'Archiduc*, a comic opera by MM. Jacques Offenbach and Albert Milland. There is not much plot in this new addition to the comic *répertoire*, but it is amusing, and the music decidedly good. The scene is laid in Italy, and the misadventures of the Archduke and his dynasty are not without their humorous points. The piece is full of political allusions, and more than once savours of *Rabagas*. The first act is the best of the three, and concludes with a *finale* which is a *chef-d'œuvre*, and which, by its evident allusion to M. Thiers—the refrain is, "Un p'tit bonhomme pas plus haut qu'ça"—met with a most enthusiastic reception. The principal *morceau* in the second act is the Alphabet *Sextuor*. As for the Archduke's comic song, "Je suis original!" it is anything but original, resembling scores of airs previously composed by Offenbach. The final couplets sung by Madame Judic, "Il n'a pas eu ça . . ." are, on the contrary, remarkably pleasing and effective. The great success of the evening was for Madame Judic, who plays the part of the Archduchess, and for Madame Grivot, who interprets the rôle of gallant young Colonel Fortunato. Both ladies were repeatedly encored. Darblay, I may add, acquitted himself very creditably of the part of the Archduke. *Apropos of Madame l'Archiduc*, the following item of theatrical scandal is not destitute of a certain piquancy. At that tiny *bonbonnière*, the Bouffes, there is only one decent dressing-room, ordinarily occupied by Madame Judic, and lent to Madame Théo when she comes to play in *La Belle Parfumeuse*, and Madame Judic happens not to be performing. On the occasion of the dress rehearsal of *Madame l'Archiduc*, the latter lady naturally retook possession of her *loge*. But finding there a quantity of Madame Théo's things, *articles de toilette*, *corsets*, silk stockings, and the like, she petulantly seized hold of them, and threw them all out pell-mell into the passage, when the *flacons* of *eau-de-cologne* and *opoponax* were naturally broken in pieces, and a remarkably strong perfume diffused around. She, moreover, indignantly declared that on no account should Madame Théo—who was playing *La Belle Parfumeuse* for the last time that evening—ever again make use of her room. For the occasion M. Comte was consequently compelled to lend "Rose Michon" his directorial cabinet. "Battez-vous, Mesdames, mais de grâce ne vous disputez pas!"

In addition to the foregoing *première*, I have also to record this week the revival of *Les Filles du Diable* at the Théâtre du Château d'Eau, and the first performance of *La Fille du Roi de Garbe*, by Henri Litolf, Dennerly and Chabrilat at the Folies Dramatiques. Readers of Baccaccio and La Fontaine will recollect the story, which is, to say the least, *scabreuse*. The French stage, however, is not remarkable for the ingenuousness of its *répertoire*, and the more vulgar and indecorous that a piece is the more chance it has of success. Several years ago, it will be recollected, MM. Scribe and St. Georges, collaborating with Auber, brought out a *Fiancée du Roi de Garbe* at the Opéra Comique. It met with a complete wreck. MM. Litolf and Dennerly's work will probably be more successful, although the *libretto* is not remarkably *spirituel*, and the music scarcely sufficiently lively and amusing. There is a very pretty Arab song, however, and a charming duet for tenor and soprano, and in addition some political couplets which completely brought down the house. Mlle. Van Ghel, who plays the leading rôle, is somewhat too frigid in her acting, but her voice is of considerable power and extremely well schooled. The scenery and costumes are marvellously magnificent.

This evening we have another *première* at the Théâtre Cluny, which has been rather unfortunate of late. The programme comprises this time a three-act comedy in prose, *Les Héritiers Rabourdin*, by M. Emile Zola, followed by *Madame Mascarille*, a farce in verse by MM. Georges Duval and Ch. de Froloff. To-morrow the Théâtre Lyrique opens with the *Jeunesse du Roi Henri*, by the late Ponson du Terrail, whose interminable history of Rocambole procured him some notoriety.

On Thursday or Saturday, it is as yet uncertain, the Porte-St.-Martin reopens with the *Tour du Monde en 80 jours*, which, as I told you last week, will in all probability be the great spectacular success of the season. In the course of a few days, *Gilberte* will be removed from the Gymnase play-bills, and Meilhac and Halévy's new comedy, *La Veuve*, will take its place. You see that we have no dearth of coming novelties.

BROOMIEKNOWE.—This four-year-old filly by Broomielaw out of Lavinia, after a tolerably successful career on the flat, has left Blanton's stable for Epsom, where she is to be schooled for the "jumping" business.

UHLAN.—M. E. Fould, who some time since purchased Miss Stockwell for £500, has given £2000 to Mr. Savile for Uhlán. Both these horses are intended for the French stud, and will leave for France very shortly.

The late Mr. Drevitt, the trainer, was buried on Tuesday afternoon in Lewes Cemetery. The funeral was attended by a large number of relations and friends, including G. Fordham, Mr. Nevill, Mr. Mank, Mr. Clay, &c. Mr. Drevitt was originally under Mr. C. Turner, at Epsom, whence he went to Danebury, and at length took the Lewes stables which he held for the last twenty-two years, and there trained Little David, Tournament, Blue Jacket, Borderer, Blackdown, and Accident, Ostreger, Actæa, and others. The present Sir J. D. Astley was one of his employers some years since.

THE STREATHAM BETTING PROSECUTION.—On Saturday, at Croydon, Mr. Du Pre Thornton again showed in the pleasant position of informer in another suburban race meeting prosecution. Mr. Budden (proprietor of the course), W. Shee, R. G. Mumford, and T. Good, were the persons prosecuted, and after four hours' patient hearing, the magistrates fined (under the Dewsbury conviction, since quashed) the three latter defendants £10 each with costs, and Mr. Budden £5 and 15s. costs, at the same time paying a high compliment to all the four, inasmuch as the book-makers had conducted their business in a perfectly straightforward manner, and Mr. Budden had always carried out the meetings under his management in the most orderly and respectable manner. Mr. Budden subsequently appealed, and a case was granted to be heard at the Court of Queen's Bench next term.



THE YAWL YACHT "CORISANDE."

This yawl was built by Ratsey, of Cowes, for Mr. J. Richardson, and came out rather late in the season of 1872. She fairly astonished the yachting world by her performance, and the rumour of a yacht which was to be brought out next season to beat her was ridiculed. It appeared that the *Corisande* could beat the *Egeria* whenever they met, and until the debut of *Florinda* in 1873 had it almost entirely her own way amongst the yawls. Many were the interesting tussles between the rivals, but fortune eventually leant towards the *Florinda*. The way in which the *Corisande* dealt with the *Gwendolin*, *Pantomime*, and *Egeria*, in the £100 Cup race of the Royal St. George's Yacht Club during the past season plainly showed that the schooners have a very powerful opponent to meet in "mixed" matches.

The tonnage of the *Corisande* (R.T.Y.C. rule) is 140 tons, the same as that of her great antagonist, the *Florinda*.

THE LAYS OF THE DECCAN HUNT.

No. IV.

SADDLE, SPUR, AND SPEAR.

BY S. Y. S.

LET others boast and proudly toast  
The light of ladies' eyes,  
And swear the rose less perfume throws  
Than beauty's fragrant sighs;  
That ripe-red lips in hue eclipse  
The ruby's radiant gem;  
That woman's far the brightest star  
In nature's diadem;  
Yet since for me no charms I see  
In all the sex can show,  
And smile and tear alike appear  
Unheeded flash or flow—  
I'll change my theme, and fondly deem  
True sportsmen pledge me here,  
And fill my cup, and drain it up,  
To SADDLE, SPUR, and SPEAR!

When dayspring's light first crowns each height,  
And tips the diamond dew,  
We quick bestride our steeds of pride  
To scour the jungle through;  
With loosened rein the jovial train  
Slow to the cover throng,  
And wouldn't stir without a spur  
To coax their nags along;  
We high uprear the glittering spear  
Far flashing to the sky,  
With hope elate anticipate  
To see the wild boar die.  
To such bright hopes e'en Misanthropes  
Would pledge a bumper here,  
And fill their cup, and drain it up,  
To SADDLE, SPUR, and SPEAR!

'Twere vain to tell the magic spell  
That fires the Hunter's eye  
When shout and roar have roused the Bear  
And stirred him from his sty.  
His rage at first, his glorious burst,  
Dark dashing through the forest  
His bristly might, his meteor flight,  
And his death of foam and blood!  
Oh! who hath been in such a scene,  
That scene can ne'er forget,  
In sorrow's mood, in solitude,  
Its dream will haunt him yet.  
Mid festal times, in other climes,  
He'll think of days so dear,  
And fill his cup, and drain it up,  
To SADDLE, SPUR, and SPEAR!

But while I sing, Time's rapid wing  
This lesson seems to teach:  
The joy and bliss of sport like this  
Are still within our reach;  
Then let's away at break of day,  
Ride vale and hill-top o'er,  
Scale mountains' side or stem the tide  
To spear the flying Boar;  
And time may then bring eve again,  
The while, at Pleasure's shrine,  
To check his flight for one gay night,  
We'll wet his wing with wine;  
And ere we part, pledge hand and heart  
Once more to rally here,  
To fill the cup, and drain it up,  
To SADDLE, SPUR, and SPEAR!

Hunting.

THE opening meet of the Craven Hounds took place on Monday at Halfway, near Hungerford, when the master, Mr. Harcourt Capper, was present with his nice-looking pack, whose condition reflected credit on the huntsman, George Orbell. The field was a large one, and included—Mr. W. Hew Dunn, high sheriff of Berks; Captain Van de Weyer, Mr. Best, Mr. Lovelock Cocks, and other members of the hunt. A fox was quickly found at Haycroft, and after an hour's clipping run he was killed near East Garston.

THE Warwickshire and North Warwickshire Hounds commenced hunting for the season on Monday. They met at Chadshunt, where Colonel King gave a splendid breakfast to the field. A fox was found at Chadshunt, which afforded nearly two hours' excellent hunting, the pace at times being severe. Lord Leigh entertained the gentlemen of North Warwickshire at Stone Leigh Abbey. A fox found in Berricote gave the field a seven miles' spin, and ran to earth near Barkswell. Two other foxes afforded brief runs, and concluded the day's sport. Both countries are well stocked with wild foxes, and the hounds are in magnificent condition.

PRESENTATION TO A MASTER OF HOUNDS.—The Marquis of Stafford presided on Monday at a large and influential meeting of the members of the North Staffordshire Hunt, held at the New Inn, Trentham, for the purpose of presenting a testimonial to Captain Nugent in recognition of his valuable services as master for five years. The presentation was made by Colonel Buller, who warmly eulogised the courtesy and energy which Captain Nugent had displayed during his tenure of the mastership. The testimonial consisted of a large diamond ring and an elegant tea and coffee service, of the total value of 200 guineas. Captain Nugent appropriately acknowledged the compliment.

On Tuesday, with weather of the most favourable kind, the opening run of her Majesty's staghounds took place, the meet being at the usual spot—Salthill, near Slough. As might have been expected under such favourable circumstances, the gathering

was immense, not only the sportsmen being numerous, but the spectators, who thronged the Bath Road in carriages, on horseback, and on foot, being even more numerous than ever. At eleven o'clock—the hour appointed for the meet—the air was clear, and there was a bright autumn sunshine, although the wind was keen. Mr. Goodall, the Queen's huntsman, with Bartlett and Hewson, the whippers-in, in their uniform of scarlet and gold, trotted the hounds from Ascot kennels, and took up their position near the well-known mound. Lord Hardwicke, the noble master, came down from town by the 11.10 a.m. special train to Slough, accompanied by the London division, numbering upwards of 100. Amongst the field were:—Major Wilkins, Colonel Everet, Major Young, Dr. Herman, Captain Wells, Captain Johns, Captain G. W. Fox, Mr. Bowen May, Mr. Rymell, Captain Popham, Mr. Trew-Jagon, Mr. F. Salter, Mr. C. Talbot, Mr. J. Taylor, Mr. C. Taylor, Mr. Little, Mr. Hall, Mr. Walker, Mr. W. Graham, Mrs. Richardson, Mr. Paget, Mr. J. H. Saunders, Mr. J. Twinch, Mr. W. Chater, Mr. J. Willis, Mr. E. Aldridge, Mr. W. Ford, Mr. A. Kirby, Mr. C. Wise, Mr. Bennett, Dr. Turrell, Mr. S. Turner, &c. The deer selected for the day's sport was the well-known deer Miss Headington, which was uncared in a field on Mr. Henry Cantrell's farm, near Farnham Royal, and bounded away at a great speed in the direction of Stoke Church, leaving Stoke Park, the seat of Mr. E. J. Coleman, on the left, and then towards Stoke Free, George Green, and Langley and Richings Park. After the usual law of 15 minutes, the hounds were brought up from Salthill and quickly took up the scent, and were followed by the noble master, splendidly mounted. The pace at starting was terrific, and in a few minutes the good and bad riders were separated into two distinct groups. A magnificent run ensued. The children of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess Christian were present to witness the turn-out.

THE opening meet of the Bicester Hunt took place at Charlton Town on the same day, when a large gathering of hunting gentlemen met. Lord Valentia, the master of the hunt, made his debut as huntsman on the occasion. Earls Effingham and Jersey, Mr. and Lady Elizabeth Cartwright, Hon. R. and Mrs. Grosvenor, Captain Unthank, Mr. G. Drake, Mr. E. Harrison, Mr. G. Morgan, Mr. J. Stratton, Colonel and Miss Campbell, &c., were present. The sport was not of such a character as to call for remark, but the country is well supplied with foxes, and a successful season is anticipated.

HUNTING MOVEMENTS.—Mr. H. Behrens, Mr. J. Behrens, and several other gentlemen have arrived at Melton for the hunting season. The mansion on the Burton Road, belonging to Mr. Fast, has been taken by Lord Wicklow for the season. Acacia House, Melton Mowbray, has been secured for the season by Mr. L. Powell. In connection with Lord Galway's hounds, it may be noted that on Tuesday Mr. H. Watson was thrown from his horse so violently that his collar-bone was seriously hurt. Colonel Everett will hunt the south and west Wilts country twice a week this season. From Leamington we learn that, on Tuesday next, the Warwickshire Hounds inaugurate the season by a meet at Walton Hall, where Sir Charles Mordaunt will entertain the gentlemen of the hunt to breakfast. The opening meet of the North Warwickshire pack will take place at Stoneleigh, where Lord Leigh, the lord-lieutenant, will receive the members of the hunt and numerous visitors. Both packs are reported in good condition, and the respective districts are well stocked with foxes.

SALE OF GREYHOUNDS.—At Aldridge's repository, on Saturday last, 354 brace of greyhounds from celebrated kennels were sold by public auction, and attracted a large muster of coursing men. Puppies by the celebrated dog Brigadier were keenly competed for. The highest-priced puppy was 36 guineas, and a litter by Countryman, whelped last year, sold well, the top figure being 30 guineas. Other dogs of pedigree made high prices. The following is the return of the sale:—

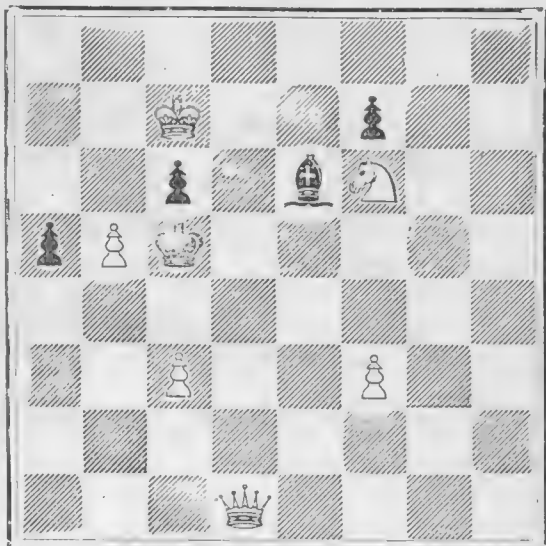
THE PROPERTY OF G. W. MOULD, ESQ., CHREADEL.		
SECOND SEASON.		
MUSKETEER, bk w d, by My Idea out of Mitrailleuse, Mr. Medhurst	23	2 0
PUPPIES.		
Bk w d by My Goodness out of McEglin, by Racing Hopfactor		
F w d, brother to above	Mr. Blount	13 13 0
Bk w k by Brigadier out of My Thinking, by Patent	Mr. Dowling	12 12 0
Be d, brother to above	Mr. Blount	6 6 0
Be b, sister to above	Mr. Lang	8 8 0
W b b, sister to above	Mr. Viner	9 19 6
R b, sister to above	Mr. Blount	37 16 0
R b, sister to above	Mr. Lang	15 15 0
Bk w d by My Idea out of Mitrailleuse, by Brigadier	Mr. House	4 4 0
Bk w d, brother to above	Mr. House	2 12 6
Bk w d, brother to above	Mr. Downes	3 3 0
Bk w d, brother to above	Mr. Bedford	2 2 0
Bk w d, brother to above	Mr. Case	1 11 6
F w d, brother to above		5 5 0
F w d, brother to above	Mr. Medhurst	5 5 0
W b b, sister to above	Mr. Bedford	2 2 0
F w b, sister to above	Mr. Moore	5 5 0
F w b, sister to above	Mr. Sutton	4 14 0
F w d by My Idea out of McEglin, by Racing Hopfactor		
F w b, sister to above	Mr. Moore	4 4 0
F w b, sister to above	Mr. Blount	3 3 0
F w b, sister to above	Mr. Robinson	4 14 6
F w b, sister to above	Mr. Case	3 3 0
F w b, sister to above	Mr. Tyser	2 2 0
R b, sister to above	Mr. Lang	8 18 6

ANOTHER PROPERTY.		
R d by Smuggler out of Money Taker, by Dan O'Connell	Mr. Harmer	9 9 0
THE PROPERTY OF R. HUTTON, ESQ.		
BLOOD BITCHES.		
COLINA, bd b, by Harrier out of Sister to Clear Water, by King Water		2 2 0
PEACEFUL PEGGIE, bk b, by Portland out of Contented Meg	Mr. Robinson	2 2 0
SECOND SEASON DOGS.		
PURSER, w bk d, by Past Master out of Priestess, by Samuel	Mr. Collier	3 13 6
HARMONY, bk b, by Past Master out of Honest Meg	Mr. Wilson	5 15 6
PUPPIES.		
Bk d, by Countryman out of Colina, by Harrier	Mr. Graff	31 10 0
Bk d, brother to above	Mr. Sutton	6 6 0
Bk d, brother to above	Mr. Sutton	7 7 0
Bk d, brother to above	Mr. Sutton	6 6 0
Be d, brother to above	Mr. Moore	5 5 0
Be d, brother to above	Mr. Bedford	5 15 6
R b by Smuggler out of Honest Meg, by Lord Lyon	Mr. Sutton	31 10 0
Bk b, sister to above	Mr. House	10 10 0
Be b, sister to above	Mr. Manson	2 12 6
F d, brother to above		9 19 6
THE PROPERTY OF T. ALLEY JONES, ESQ.		
MIRACLE, bk brood b, by Desperate, by The Brewer out of Spite	Mr. Spring	0 10 6
BLUE BELLE, f b, by Cheerful out of Miracle, by Desperate	Mr. Collier	1 11 6
Bk d by Ghillie Callum out of Miracle	Mr. Wilson	1 1 0
R b, sister to above	Mr. Bull	1 1 0
THE PROPERTY OF H. D. DENT, ESQ., COSHAM, HANTS.		
SECOND SEASON.		
POT VALIANT, w bk d, by Pickle—Rhapsody	Mr. Johnson	1 1 0
SAPLINGS.		
Bk d by Retailer out of Ready	Mr. Mason	3 13 6
Bk d, brother to above	Mr. Mason	8 8 0
F w b, sister to above	Mr. Gregory	4 14 6
Bk w d by Retailer out of Harp, by Harpist	Mr. Hicks	1 1 0
Bk w d, brother to above	Mr. Moss	2 12 6
F w d by Retailer out of Wicked Eye, by Bugle	Mr. Hicks	0 10 6
Bk w b, sister to above	Mr. Cull	0 10 6
Lk w b, sister to above	Mr. Moss	0 10 6

Chess.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Contributions of original problems and games will receive our best attention. Correct solutions of problems will be duly acknowledged.

PROBLEM No. 28.  
By Mr. D. W. CLARK.  
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 27.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. R to K R sq. 1. Anything  
2. Q or Kt mates. 25. P takes P

The following game was played some time ago between Mr. Löwenthal and Rev. J. Owen.

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. O.)	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. O.)
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 3	14. Kt to K B P (c)	14. K takes Kt
2. P to K B 4	2. P to Q 4	15. P to K B 5	15. Kt to Q 4
3. P to K 5	3. P to Q 5 (a)	16. B P takes P	16. K to Kt 2
4. B to Q B 4	4. B to Q 2	(dbl ch)	
5. P to Q 3	5. P to Q Kt 4	17. Q to K K 5 (d)	17. Q to K sq (d)
6. B to Q Kt 3	6. B to Q B 3	18. B takes Kt	18. B takes B
7. Kt to K B 3	7. B to Q B 4	19. K R to B 7 (ch)	19. K to Q sq
8. Castles	8. K Kt to K 2	20. R to Q 7 (ch)	20. K to Q B sq
9. Q to K 2	9. Q Kt to Q 2	21. R takes B	21. K B to K 2
10. Q Kt to Q 2	10. B to Q Kt 3	22. R to Q 7	22. K to Q Kt 2
11. Kt to K 4	11. Q Kt to B 4	23. Q to K 4 (ch)	23. K to Q Kt 3
12. Kt takes Kt	12. B takes Kt	24. P to Q R 4	24. P to Q R 4
13. Kt to K Kt 5	13. P to K R 3 (b)	25. P takes P	

And Black resigned (e).

NOTES.

- (a) A novelty, but not one to be commended.
- (b) Played in evident unconsciousness of White's next move.
- (c) Well played. From this point White has the game in his hands.
- (d) The only move.
- (e) If P to R 5, White mates in five moves.

Played by correspondence between Messrs. Walker and Charleston.

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4	15. Kt takes Q P	15. Kt takes Q P
2. Kt to K B 3	2. Kt to Q B 3	16. Q to Q B 3	16. Kt to Q Kt 4
3. B to Q B 4	3. B to Q B 4	17. Q to Q 3	17. Q to Q 2
4. P to Q Kt 4	4. Btks Q Kt P	18. Kt to B 6 (ch)	18. P takes Kt
5. P to Q B 3	5. B to Q B 4	19. Pkts P (dis. ch)	19. K to B sq
6. Castles	6. P to Q 3	20. Kt to K 6 (ch)	20. Q takes Kt (')
7. P to Q 4	7. P takes P	21. Q to K 8 (ch)	21. K to B 2
8. P takes P	8. B to Q Kt 3	22. R takes Q	22. B takes R
9. Kt to Q B 3	9. Kt to Q R 4	23. K takes R	23. H to Q 4
10. Btks P (ch) (a)	10. K takes B	24. B to K R 6	24. Kt takes B
11. Kt to Kt 5 (ch)	11. K to K sq	25. Q takes R	25. Kt to K B 4
12. R to K sq	12. Kt to Q B 3 (b)	26. R to K sq	26. Q Kt to Q 3
13. P to K 5	13. P to Q 4	27. P to K Kt 4	27. K to Kt 3
14. Q to K B 3	14. Q to K 2	27. P takes Kt	

And Black abandoned the game.

NOTES.

- (a) A bold venture to try in a correspondence game. It, however, requires careful answering.
- (b) We prefer at this point 12. Kt to K 2.
- (c) Very well played.
- (d) This was compulsory. Had he played K to B 2, White would have won at once by Q to K Kt 3.

MATCH BETWEEN MESSRS. WEISKER AND MACDONNELL.

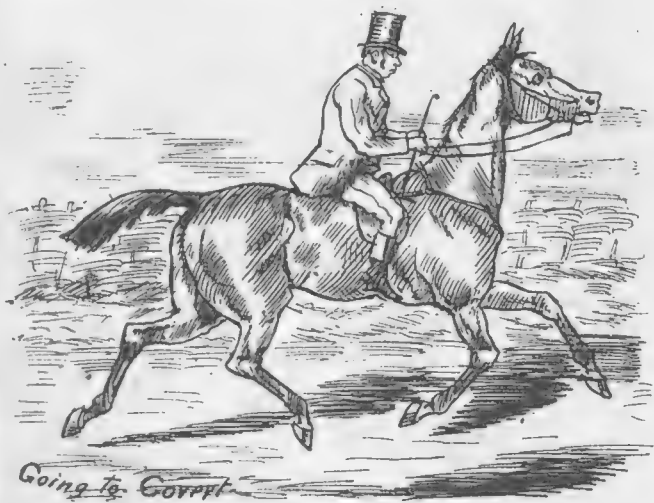
An interesting match of the first seven games has been commenced between Messrs. Weisker and Macdonnell for a stake of £30 a side. The stipulations are that three games shall be played each week, on Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, with a time limit of 30 moves per hour. The score at the time we went to press stood:—

Macdonnell, 1. Weisker, 1. Drawn, 1.

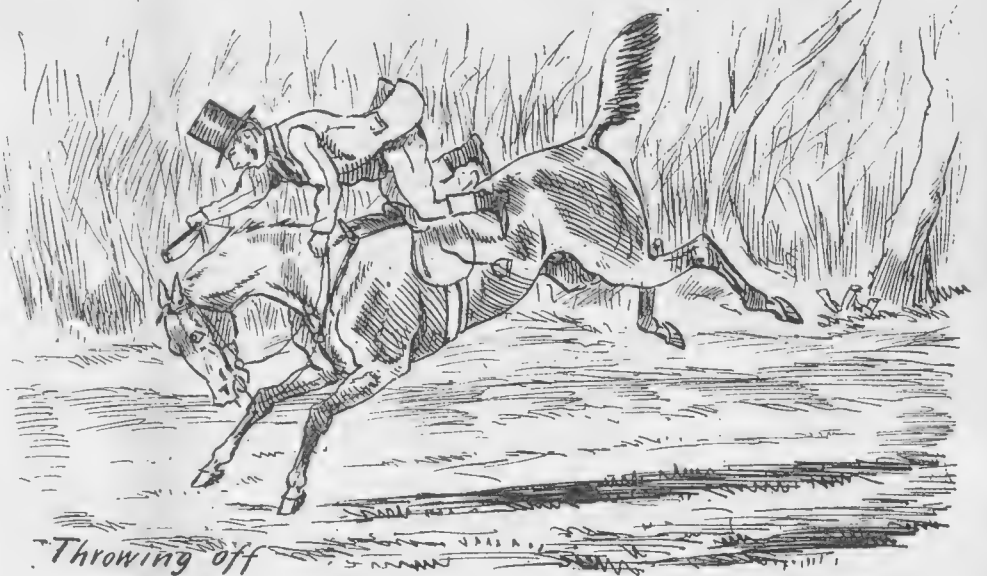
KING'S CROSS THEATRE.—A performance of Lytton's comedy *Money*, was given here last Wednesday week by the Betterton Dramatic Club—a body of amateurs whose chief characteristics would seem to be ambition, industry, and admiration for the company of the Prince of Wales's Theatre. They had, as usual, rehearsed very thoroughly the difficult piece they selected, and it went extremely well. Mr. Frank Chester, who played 'Evelyn,' has very much to learn, and a good deal to unlearn—we never before saw human arms so wildly used—but he is an actor with a good deal in him, and considerable natural advantages. Mr. Harry Procter, who doubled 'Graves' and the 'Old Member,' imitates Mr. Honey with great care and success, and is evidently a practised actor. Mr. Calfrey played 'Sir Frederick' very well, and Mr. Lewis Lewis was a careful 'Sir John Vesey,' though the part hardly suited him. Messrs. Caistor and Light made the most of their parts, and the other gentlemen were tolerable. Among the ladies, Miss Hammerton as 'Lady Franklin' was easy and pleasant; and Miss Ada Mellon as the heroine conventional and over-confident. The whole piece was well stage-managed and arranged, particularly the celebrated club scene; though why Correggio should have been introduced to innocent North-Londoners as a rival of Sidney Cooper we hardly know. On the whole, the performance was a success, marred only by a general disregard for the letter *h*, too common among amateurs, and an orchestra which would no doubt have been very nice two streets off.

A WESTERN man who visited the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and saw the *School for Scandal*, expressed himself to the effect that if Sheridan wrote any more plays like the one he had witnessed, he would soon knock Boucicault "higher than a kite." He also observed that "the way the play hit off that Brooklyn muss was a sight to see."





Going to Court



Throwing off



Gone away



Good ground



A Check



Lost



A hole over the hill

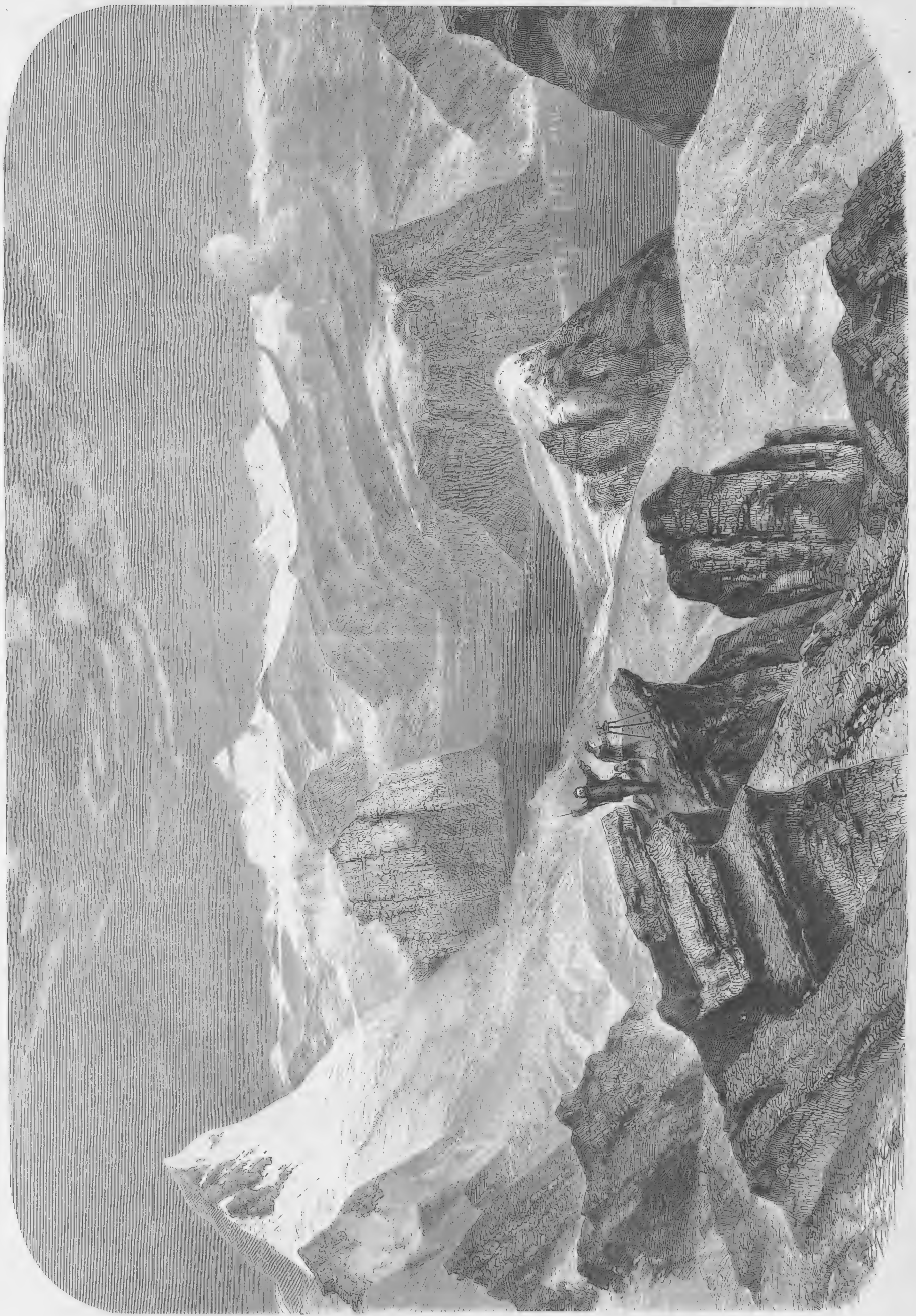


Found again



Gone to ground





THE LAKE OR FIORD OF KAISER FRANZ JOSEPH, DISCOVERED BY THE GERMAN NORTH POLAR EXPEDITION.



## OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.



WISH to put myself right with my readers. In many important points I differ materially from my brethren of the press. To begin with, I am neither infallible nor honest. I wish I were the former. I strive to be the latter. My judgment is, however, frequently biased by external circumstances. If, for example, my stall happens to be in the front row close to the trombone, and not far from the

current of a through draught, it is not impossible that the temper thereby produced will colour my lucubrations. Or if my seat is in the last row, the observations of the old playgoer who sits in the first line of the pit, resenting my back-hair, are fairly calculated to put me out. On the other hand, it is just possible



that the presence of this or that young person on the stage may at times induce a more than usually favourable opinion. This admission causes me great pain. I admire the unprejudiced and scholarly deliverances of my contemporaries. Alas! I cannot emulate them.

The dramatic hero of the past week has been Mr. Henry Irving. Qualified by a long experience in melancholy melodrama, and discreetly heralded by Father Bateman, much was expected from this latest idol of the public. Whether the hopes of the public were realised, I do not know. Sceptical as to the rumours current about the enormous demand for seats, I neglected to "book." Enthusiastic admirers of the drama were, I understood, booking places for a remote futurity. And, playgoers who had survived the palmy days, unable to gain admittance, were adding codicils to their last deeds and testaments, enjoining upon their heirs as a solemn duty attendance at the Lyceum, when after some years the excitement should have abated. When I arrived at the house, I found that all parts were full.



Mr. 'DIGNY GRANT' AS 'HAMLET.'  
"You envy me very much."

The full sense of my loss only dawned upon me when, in the *Observer* of the following morning, I found it stated that the 'Hamlet' of Mr. Irving was the event of the age. The articles in Monday's papers were indeed a trifle less gushing, being evidently the work of professional and matured critics. But still the event was treated with an amount of respect which showed that the critics thought the public thought it to be an occasion of the very greatest importance. The *Times*' criticism is cautious and sagacious. Those who ever read between the lines of the Thunderer's representative will perhaps consider the article less complimentary than does the subject of the criticism. Mean-

while, not having seen the representation, I am content to accept as gospel everything that everybody else says about it.

Thank goodness, the Lyceum is not the only theatre in London—or even in the Strand. The Gaiety is close at hand. Beyond the Gaiety, the wonderful limelight that plays upon the houses opposite Newcastle Street declares the Globe to be open. Two reasons, however, decided me in not seeking admission there. First, the manager is always announcing that they are doing a wonderful business at his establishment. No doubt, therefore, it too would be in an overflowing state. But even supposing it to have room for one soul thirsting for theatrical entertainment, the fact that the Lord Chamberlain had capriciously stopped the "Ripperelle" would have deterred me. What his Lordship was thinking of when he prohibited that inoffensive, decorous, and highly-improving improvement on the *cancon* is to me an impenetrable official mystery. Are we slaves—we British admirers of French art?

Deeply dejected, I crossed the street and entered the Strand Theatre. Although the management of this house had not circulated the awful rumour that here also there was a lack of space, I found the little establishment literally crammed. Unaccustomed to the ways of theatrical people, I thereupon inferred that possibly when a house is crowded nightly, it is somewhat unnecessary to announce the fact; and going an inferential step farther, I was even daring enough to suppose that the emptiness of a house would be to some managers a sufficient reason to impel the insertion of a notice frantically calling upon the public to book their places a month in advance. Having mentioned to the gentleman in front of the house that I did not particularly care whether I got in or not—which, indeed, was the truth—he thought that he could put a chair somewhere for me. This promise he very courteously carried out. If he is at all interested in the matter, I wish him to know that I am infinitely obliged to him.

I do not for a moment wish to say that *Loo* is as good a play as *Hamlet*. I have no hesitation, however, in saying that it is a much more amusing work. It has another advantage over its revived rival: it contains no passages about which the learned debate. If there is one thing more boring than another, it is being called upon to join in a discussion of the various readings given to expressions of Shakspeare. We all know in a general way what that talented dramatic author meant. Why try and obscure him? The more solid class of playgoers cry out bitterly against the spread of opéra-bouffe, and call it a degradation of the stage. For my own part, I find that it bores me less than any other species of stage production; and I trust that it will continue a staple commodity until some more entertaining class of work is invented.

*Loo* is distinctly a mirth-provoking production. The story is slight, and, of course, improbable. But everybody in the company has been given a character to play exactly suiting his or her eccentricities or charms. Miss Angelina Claude, with whose performances I recollect being pleased some years ago, when she was



the chief attraction of a provincial theatre, is full of vivacity and fun. Her voice is not of a kind to betray her into a wild ambition to appear on the lyric stage at Covent Garden or Drury Lane. Gye would not think much of her; neither, possibly, would Mapleson. What she lacks in vocal ability, however, she makes up for in other ways. She always reminds me of what John Baldwin Buckstone might have been a hundred years or so ago—if he had been a woman. Only I don't believe Mr. Buckstone could play a drum—in which respect, therefore, she is superior to the veteran comedian. There is a slang but very expressive word current now for some time in very good (male) society. I mean the word "fetching." As Miss Angelina Claude marched about the stage, playing the drum with as much effect as a professional drummer, I thought her very much so indeed.

After Miss Claude, I was most entertained by M. Marius. We have some admirable illustrations of opéra-bouffe in London, but the presence of this gentleman reminds us that of a truth "they order this matter better in France." His 'Rimbombo' is by far the most amusing travesty of the traditional villain of melodrama that has been given for some time. Nor does the foreign accent, against which the actor does valiant but ineffectual battle, mar the result. Indeed, I venture to think that it heightens the absurdity of the effect. "Smell zis vlower—you doy! Kiss zis ring—you doy!" was an infinitely funny way of reading the simple passage, "Smell this flower—you die!" &c.



Mr. Terry, the virtuous but yielding bondsman of the wine-grower, was preposterous enough for anything. His melancholy visage, his recurring misfortunes, his frequent tumbles down the

cellar steps, his devotion to the object of his affections, and his final lapse from the paths of morality, were given in a way that would certainly have aroused the sympathies of a crowded audience had they not first of all excited a general merriment. Mr. Harry Cox as the old wine-grower was amusing after his own well known manner. The dresses and scenery are bright and effective. There were lots of charming little figures continually on the stage, and I was quite contented with my evening's amusement. The feeling of content grew into a feeling of intense gratitude when, on passing the Lyceum door, I was informed that the fourth act of *Hamlet* had only just commenced!

The *Black Prince* at the St. James's Theatre seems likely to be a "go." There are many cogent reasons why it should succeed. The chief of these, perhaps, is that it is a humorous production, and, with some exceptions, well acted. The big exception is Mr. Chatterton. I have entertained an inveterate dislike to that young artist ever since his first appearance at the Opéra Comique. It is all very well for people to say that writers in newspapers should not deal harshly with laborious persons striving to get on in their various professions. This is a canon too freely accepted and too generally acted upon. Carried to its legitimate issue, it does away with all criticism whatever. If a man makes me a bad coat, I tell him of it. If a reviewer thinks my last book an indifferent performance, he does not hesitate to revile me to his readers. And I endeavour to take my chastisement with a good grace. Pictures, sermons, statues, poems, members of Parliament, are all considered fair subjects for out-spoken or carefully written comment. In the name of all that is histrionic, why should actors and actresses be excepted? If I do not like a particular performer, am I to say that I do, or am I from motives creditable alike to my head and heart to pass the artist over in silence?

What I have to say about our young friend Chatterton is this. He does not possess one of the qualifications essential to a competent actor of opéra-bouffe. It appears to me that he is engaged solely on the strength of his voice—which is by no means considerable. Practical judges call it a tenor. I am not a practical judge, and willingly confess that I would have mistaken it for a mild sort of baritone. But the quality which this gentleman lacks most of all is the quality which is most of all demanded. He is apparently quite devoid of humour. He never appreciates the point of a situation. His performance gives one the idea that he always thinks more of the effect which he himself is making than of the effect which he should make as part of a picture. Dressed in yachting costume, he by no means realised the part intended. His gestures are the traditional gestures of the tenor. His movements are of the stage stagey; and his facial expression consists of the most hideous endeavours to look interesting ever witnessed.



Everything else in this production is admirable. The singing of Miss Dolaro and Miss Bromley is excellent, as indeed is their acting. Incidental humours such as the boatmen and the decepted boatswain are very funny. The music, as has been explained in various newspapers, is selected from early works of M. Lecocq. The dresses are novel and captivating, and the work as a whole is calculated to please even captious persons. Captiousness, be it observed, being a quality which no one is so foolish as to assume to himself, but which is occasionally attributed to people by their more easily satisfied associates.

HERR GUNGL, the famous dance composer and conductor, made his first appearance, this season, at the Covent Garden Concerts on Saturday last, and was received with rounds of applause. Several of his delightful waltzes and other dances were played by the band, under his direction, and were applauded and encored. During the past week Herr Gungl has been cordially received, and there can be no doubt that his popular dance music, conducted by himself, will be a powerful attraction during the remainder of the season.

MR. CHARLES HENGLER will open the Grand Cirque in Argyll Street for the season early in December.

DR. LYNN does not resume his entertainment at the Egyptian Hall until Saturday or Monday week, the alterations and redecoration of the hall is undergoing not being completed.

A MORNING performance of *Richard Cœur-de-Lion* will be given at Drury Lane, on Monday next, Lord Mayor's Day. The Globe will also be opened for a morning performance of *East Lynne*, preceded by a new and original farce, entitled *A Trip to Brighton*, by J. E. Soden.

MISS FAY, the American young lady who gave her spiritualistic entertainment at the Crystal Palace and the Hanover Square Rooms, in July and August, has returned to London to give a series of *séances*, commencing on Monday next, at her new drawing-room, adjoining Hengler's Circus, in Argyll Street, Oxford Circus.

THE opening of the Opéra Comique, by Miss Amy Sheridan, will not take place till next week. In addition to the new and revised version of Mr. Burnand's extravaganza *Ionian*, the inaugural programme will include a *petite* comedy by Messrs. John Oxenford and Horace Wigan. Mr. Gaston Murray fills the responsible post of acting manager.



Billiards.

WITH the exception of two or three exhibition matches, we have little to record since last week. W. Fielding and W. Moss, two players well known in Manchester, have played 1000 up for £50 a side, the latter receiving a start of 125. A 57 by Fielding was the highest break made, and Moss, who rapidly increased his advantage, eventually won by 427 points. T. Taylor has shown great form in a couple of entertainment matches. Conceding that sterling all-round player, Harry Evans, a start of 100 in 1000, he made breaks of 56 (17), 119 (34), 75, 70 (15), 103 (28), &c., and won by 371. In a more recent match with his old opponent, S. W. Stanley, he did still better, for, chiefly by the aid of 233 (77), 106 (33), and 239 (74), he won by no less than 386 points. This achievement was the more remarkable as Stanley was in great form, and made breaks of 52 (13), 77 (17), and 272 (89). The figures in brackets denote the number of spot strokes in each break.

Prior to W. Cook's departure from America, a benefit was given him in New York, in which the principal American players took part. The wind-up was a four-handed French game, 200 up, in which Cook and Vignaux defeated Ubassy and J. Dion. Nearly £300 was taken at the doors. Cook sailed from America on the 21st ult., and arrived in London on Saturday last, so we may shortly expect his reappearance in public.

Rowing.

ON Monday evening last, as had been previously arranged, Thomas Winship attended at the Black Bull Inn, Newcastle, and announced that he and Bagnall elected to row against Boyd and Lumsden in a pair-oar, and not with double sculls. The second deposit of £10 a side was then made, and there seems every reason to believe that the match, which is exciting a great amount of interest, will proceed satisfactorily.

Athletic Sports.

SINCE the London Athletic Club Autumn Meeting there has been a complete stagnation in the metropolitan district, and with the exception of the Winter Meeting of the leading club, and the sports of the West London Rowing Club, we shall have little more to chronicle in London until next spring. At both universities, however, athletics will soon be in full swing, and the following notice has been sent round to all the college secretaries at Oxford:—"At a committee meeting of the O.U.A.C., October 29, it was decided that in future prizes shall be given for the encouragement of the following events:—Throwing the Hammer, Putting the Weight, High Jump, and Broad Jump. Competitors must be eligible at least for the next following Oxford and Cambridge sports. Those who already represent their university in any of the above events are excluded from competing. The distances that must be obtained to qualify for a prize are as follows:—In the Hammer, 105 ft.; Weight, 35 ft.; High Jump, 5 ft. 6 in.; Broad Jump, 20 ft. 6 in. As each competitor attains the requisite standard, it will be raised for him individually to a higher standard, on attaining which he will again qualify. The competitions will be held immediately after the strangers' races given by the several colleges; the presence of at least one member of the committee is necessary during the competitions. Intending competitors must send in their names to the president of the O.U.A.C. two days previously."

This plan has previously been tried at the universities with great success; and we trust that the committee of the London Athletic Club will not be discouraged by the failure of their first attempt to encourage proficiency in similar exercises, but will again offer prizes for those members who can qualify. The following is the present list of fixtures at Oxford:—

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| Nov. 7.—Lincoln College (Strangers' 150 Yards Handicap).    | Nov. 18.—Kemble.   |
| Nov. 9.—Queen's College.                                    | Nov. 19.—Exeter (second day) (Half-mile Strangers' Race).            |
| Nov. 10.—Queen's College (Half-mile Strangers' Handicap).   | Nov. 20.—St. John's College.   |
| Nov. 11.—Jesus College (One-mile Handicap Strangers' Race). | Nov. 21.—St. John's College (Quarter-mile Handicap Strangers' Race). |
| Nov. 12.—New College.                                       | Nov. 22.—Balliol.  |
| Nov. 13.—Wadham College.                                    | Nov. 24.—Balliol.  |
| Nov. 14.—Exeter.  | Nov. 26.—Brasenose (One-mile Handicap Strangers' Race).              |
| Nov. 16.—Freshmen's.  |  |
| Nov. 17.—Freshmen's.  |  |

It will be seen that the members of Exeter College still adhere to their praiseworthy plan of giving a level strangers' race. Last year the distance was changed to a mile, when Slade won very easily; but this season the original distance of half a mile has again been selected. In 1872 Sydenham Dixon had not much trouble in winning, and we hope that London will once more be well represented. Unfortunately both Slade and Hill have gone out of training, and are not likely to put on a shoe again until the spring; but H. A. Bryden, G. F. Congreve, and A. E. Ball, are in good work, and any one of them would be sure to take his own part.

The following is the programme of the London Athletic Club winter meeting, which will take place at Lillie Bridge to-day (Saturday):—

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| 2. 0 p.m.—Seven Miles Walking Challenge Cup—J. E. Matthews, H. F. B. Ansell, W. W. Ball, and M. D. Rücker. |
| 2.40.—100 Yards Handicap; four heats. 30 entries.  |
| 3. 0.—600 Yards Handicap. 37 entries.  |
| 3. 5.—140 Yards Challenge Cup—F. T. Elborough, H. H. Gethen, G. F. Griffin, and G. H. W. Murray.           |
| 3.10.—250 Yards Handicap; seven heats. 54 entries.   |
| 3.45.—880 Yards Handicap. 32 entries.  |
| 3.50.—One Mile Challenge Cup—W. Slade, holder.   |
| 3.55.—100 Yards Handicap—final heat.   |
| 4. 0.—250 Yards Handicap—final heat.   |
| 4.10.—Two Miles Handicap. 46 entries.  |
| 4.30.—Presentation of prizes by Miss Ansell.   |

We believe that J. E. Matthews, the holder of the Seven Miles Walking Challenge Cup, will not start, or, fit and well, we should look no farther for the winner. The three challengers have yet to show that they can stay seven miles at anything like a decent pace; but we take Ansell to be the best of a very moderate lot. There is a report that the committee intend to propose the substitution of a three miles challenge cup for the present one, and this is certainly "a consummation devoutly to be wished." The 600 Yards China Challenge Cup appears to be between Congreve (14 yards' start) and Ball (34), though we hear that Gethen (42) is running very well just now. At the last meeting, Congreve beat Ball by half a yard after a desperate finish, and as the former is penalised five yards for his victory, we predict the success of Ball. The anticipated meeting of Elborough and Griffin in the Quarter-mile Challenge Cup has excited the liveliest interest, and we are very sorry to announce the latter as a doubtful starter. In any case, we should have given our vote for Elborough; but it would have been a grand struggle, whereas even should Gethen or Murray come to the post, which we do not think likely, they will not be able to make the crack raise a gallop. If, however, the challenge cups do not prove very exciting, the handicaps have filled well, the name of almost every London man of note appearing in them, and the meeting altogether is sure to prove worthy of the great reputation of the club.

Coursing.

THOUGH several meetings took place last week, there was none of any great importance, and we may dismiss them with a few words. The Barton-upon-Humber (open meeting) proved a complete success, indeed so great was the demand for nominations that a thirty-two dog stake was added to the original programme. Hares were not too plentiful on the first day, and some of the ground coursed over was not very favourable for trying the puppies in the Rowland Cup, a wire fence, which had been let down, puzzling them considerably. Matters, however, improved greatly when the first rounds of the Appleby Cup and North Lincolnshire Stakes were being run off. The first course of the Rowland Cup—between Rattling Kate and Bdelium—excited a vast amount of interest, as it may be remembered that the latter recently won the Ashdown Oaks in splendid style, never giving any of her opponents the smallest chance, and showing a great turn of speed. To the astonishment of all present, Rattling Kate gradually drew away from her in a very long slip, and took the first turn with a lead of fully six lengths. She also gained the second turn, and then put the hare to Bdelium, who, however, made little use of it, and was most decisively beaten in an excellent trial. We fancy that Bdelium must have been thoroughly amiss, for this form looks far too bad to be true, especially as Rattling Kate succumbed to Dreadnought II. in the first ties, and he, in his turn, was beaten by Topsy, who was put out by Master M'Turk in the third ties. Mr. Wentworth's judging gave the greatest satisfaction; but there were numerous complaints about Wilkinson's slipping, which we are compelled to say was very bad. We append results:—

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| THE ROWLAND CUP, FOR ALL AGES.<br>Mr. T. F. Dunn's f d Master M'Turk, by Harpist—Wild Duck, and Mr. W. H. Clark's bk w d Honor Bright, by Master Frederick—Rebe, divided.                         |
| THE APPLEBY CUP, FOR PUPPIES.<br>Mr. Eltringham's w d Birkdale, by Cavalier—Carleton, and Mr. E. Binnington's bk w d Banner Bearer, by Rocket—Muscatello, divided, Mr. Eltringham taking the cup. |
| THE NORTH LINCOLNSHIRE STAKES, FOR PUPPIES.<br>Mr. Robinson's r b Zigzag, by Flute—Sister to Shade, and Mr. J. Hodson's f d Glittering Star, by Pat McGrath—Sunset, divided, after an undecided.  |
| THE YOULE CARR STAKES, FOR ALL AGES.<br>Mr. T. J. Robinson's w bk b Little Gem, by Ghillie Callum—Why Not, beat Mr. E. Puleine's r w d Postman, by Tax Gatherer—Miss Jane, and won.               |

SCRIPTURE READERS AND THE TURF.

COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH, Nov. 3.

(Sittings in Banco, before the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE and Justices BLACKBURN, QUAIN, and ARCHIBALD.)

STRANGE v. DOWNEY.

Mr. T. Geary applied on behalf of the plaintiff for a rule calling on the defendant to show cause why the plaintiff should not be at liberty to administer interrogatories to him with a view to the framing of a declaration in an action for slander. The plaintiff was formerly in the employment of the Bristol Scripture Readers' Association. The defendant is a clergyman, who, it was said, entertained extreme ideas on the subject of worldly amusements in general, and horse-racing in particular. His views on the demoralising influences and sinfulness of the latter amusement were expressed in a tract which he wrote and had published, and, prior to the Bristol meeting, he employed the plaintiff to distribute the tracts with a view to deter persons from attending the races. The plaintiff subsequently informed the defendant that he met two men with whom he got into conversation. They stated they had come from Clifton to see the races, and he thereupon handed each of them a tract, and remonstrated with them, pointing out the perils they would incur by attending at such a place as a race-course. They read the tract, declared that they were convinced of the error of their ways, and promised that they would not go to the races. The defendant expressed himself much pleased with the conversion of these two men. On the following day he received a letter, which was very badly spelt and ungrammatical. It purported to come from the two men in question, and enclosed a Post-office order for £2, which they requested him to hand "to the dear fellow who had converted them and saved their souls." The defendant regarded this letter as a confession of faith, and published it in a pamphlet on the same subject as the former, and which contained many pious reflections suggested by the circumstances. The pamphlet was widely circulated in Bristol and its neighbourhood; but some time afterwards the defendant came to the conclusion, from matters that reached him, that the letter in question was a hoax. (Laughter.)

The Lord Chief Justice: Well, but was the money a hoax? (Renewed laughter.)

Mr. Geary: No, my Lord; but the defendant accuses the plaintiff of having himself sent the letter in the expectation that the request to hand the Post-office order to him would be complied with, so that the only loss he could sustain would be the price of the order. The allegation, which the plaintiff altogether denied, was that the letter was written by him with a view to enhance the value of his own services. The charge was made in the presence of a third party, and the defendant afterwards wrote on the subject to the Bristol Scripture Readers' Association, the result being that the plaintiff was dismissed, and this was the special damage relied on. It was necessary to ascertain the words used by the defendant, and the association had refused to furnish the necessary information.

Rule nisi granted.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS, Nov. 2.

(Sittings in Banco, before Lord COLERIDGE, and Justices KEATING, BRETT, and DENMAN.)

BULL v. NEVILLE.

Mr. Huddleston, Q.C., moved in this case, and said that the defendant, Mr. Neville, was sued for breaches of covenants to repair and paint the house in which he lived. The trial took place before Mr. Justice Denman, in Middlesex, where a verdict was entered for the plaintiff for £80, subject to the opinion of the court upon some questions of law. The facts were these. The lease in question was for seven years, and it was granted in June, 1860, to Mrs. Sugden. Mr. Neville married this lady just before the expiration of the lease. Before the end of the term, and for some time afterwards, Mr. Neville negotiated for a new lease; but this negotiation came to nothing, though he continued to hold the premises. The contention on the part of the plaintiff was that the defendant during the term became tenant in right of his marriage, and that the tenancy must be taken to have continued after the term, in accordance with the provisions of the lease. It was, however, now contended on the part of the defendant, that the negotiation for a lease to be granted upon different terms negatived the assumption that the provisions of the old lease were to continue, and that the true deduction from all the circumstances was that the defendant held over simply as a tenant from year to year. There were also one or two other points submitted to the court, and the rule asked for was to enter a nonsuit or to reduce the damages.

Rule granted.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will, dated June 20 last, of the Right Hon. Charles, Earl of Romney, late of The Mote, Maidstone, Kent, who died at No. 35, Sandgate Road, Folkestone, on Sept. 3, was proved on the 26th ult. by his eldest son, Charles, who succeeds him in the title, the sole executor, the personal estate being sworn under £16,000. The testator bequeaths to each of his daughters £1000; to his son, the Hon. Henry Marsham, £650, all free of duty; to each of the domestic servants who have been five years in his service at the time of his death, one year's wages free of duty, in addition to any wages that may be due to them. All the rest of his real and personal property he leaves to his said eldest son. The deceased, in his will, states as his express wish and desire that his funeral may be very plain.

The will, dated May 20, 1863, of Lieutenant-General the Hon. James Lindsay, K.C.M.G., late of 25, Portman Square, who died, August 13 last, at Cranmer Lodge, Mitcham, was proved on the 15th ult. by Lady Sarah Elizabeth Lindsay, the widow, George William Gruning, and Charles Seymour Grenfell, the executors, the personal estate being sworn under £60,000. The testator bequeaths to each of his executors £100; to his wife, the furniture and other effects at his residence; and legacies to his servants. The income of the residue of his estate he gives to his wife for life, for her own use and the maintenance and education of his children; at her death such residue to go to all his children.

The will, dated June 21, 1864, of the Rev. Thomas Thurlow, late of Baynard's Park, Surrey, who died Sept. 26 last, was proved on the 30th ult. by Thomas Lyon Thurlow, the son and sole executor, the personal estate being sworn under £180,000. The testator charges upon his real estate an annuity of £250, free of legacy duty, in favour of his sister, Mrs. Ann Maria Godfrey; and, subject thereto he devises and bequeaths all his real and personal estate to his said son for his own absolute use and benefit.

The will, dated January 23, 1866, of David Kidd, late of Lea Lodge, Leyton, Essex, of No. 134, Fleet Street, City, and of Glenarnie Woodhouse, Peebles, N.B., who died July 23 last, was proved on the 29th ult. by Miss Pringle Kidd, the sister; Arthur Augustus Richards, William Balston, and James Watson, the executors; the personal estate in the United Kingdom being sworn under the value of £80,000. The testator bequeaths to his sister Elizabeth all his furniture and household effects; to his sister Mrs. Isabella Cairns, £500; to his sister Ann, £2000; to Mr. Arthur Augustus Richards, 300 guineas; to Mr. William Balston and Mr. James Watson, 100 guineas each; and the remainder of his property to his two sisters Pringle and Elizabeth equally.—From the "Illustrated London News" of Nov. 7, 1874.

Calendar for Week ending November 14.

MONDAY, Nov. 9.	THURSDAY, Nov. 12.
Streatham November (1st day).	Liverpool Autumn (3rd day).
TUESDAY, Nov. 10.	FRIDAY, Nov. 13.
Streatham November (2nd day).	Liverpool Autumn (4th day).
Reading (1st day).	
Liverpool Autumn (1st day).	
WEDNESDAY, Nov. 11.	SATURDAY, Nov. 14.
Reading (2nd day).	
Liverpool Autumn (2nd day).	

Latest Betting.

LIVERPOOL CUP.

- |   |
|---|
| 8 to 1 agst Vanderdecken (taken and offered).           |
| 9 — 1 — Flurry (offered; take 10 to 1).                 |
| 10 — 1 — Ascectic (taken).                              |
| 10 — 1 — Servia (taken and offered).                    |
| 500 — 40 — Louise Victoria (taken and offered).         |
| 500 — 40 — Spectator (taken and offered).               |
| 1000 — 80 — Kidbrook (offered; after 1000 to 70 taken). |
| 1000 — 80 — Freeman (offered; after 1000 to 70 taken).  |
| 500 — 30 — Counsel (taken).                             |
| 100 — 6 — Thunder (taken and offered).                  |
| 500 — 20 — Quail (taken).                               |
| 500 — 20 — Miss Hawthorn colt (taken).                  |
| 500 — 20 — Falkland (taken).                            |
| 500 — 20 — Pageant (offered; take 33 to 1).             |
| 33 — 1 — Conundrum (offered; 40 to 1).                  |

MR. HEPWORTH DIXON AT THE LOTUS CLUB.—On Saturday night last the Lotus Club tendered Mr. Hepworth Dixon, the well-known author, a reception on the occasion of his visiting this country, with the purpose, as we learn, of gathering from our political and social life material for a new book. As our readers are probably aware, this gentleman some years ago did us a similar honour, and produced, as the result of the observations he then made, a work entitled "Spiritual Wives," which was largely circulated in both hemispheres. We notice that several of our contemporaries, notably the *Times*, have published from this book a number of extracts which reflect most unfavourably upon our social existence. The purpose of such action is, we presume, to throw discredit upon Mr. Dixon, and to make some protest against his being received here in the light of a welcome guest. Although we must confess we feel not one atom of sympathy for Mr. Dixon, we scarcely think the right position has been assumed towards him. His fault is not that he has written unkindly of us, because in that case we should show ourselves unable to bear adverse criticism, but rather that he has presumed, upon the strength of a few weeks' sojourn in this country, to generalise and make assertions which he himself now confesses were "but the infatuations of a heated youth." In this error Mr. Dixon by no means stands alone. It seems as if no English literary man could visit this country without being seized with a kind of rabies to write a book upon his experiences, just as if we were so many Hottentots or Fiji Islanders, in whom the world took a kind of morbid interest, while thanking Providence for having interposed three thousand miles of water between it and us. To return, however, for a moment to the Lotus Club reception. The cordiality with which Mr. Dixon was entertained proves to us most distinctly one of two things: either we are a very forgiving and long-suffering people, or—and this is far more probable—the great majority of the persons present at the reception had never read a single line of Mr. Dixon's writings, and went there solely with the view of having "a really good time."—*The Ardentian*.

CAPELA.—This filly, after winning the Rous Selling Plate at Worcester, on Tuesday, was sold to Mr. Walter Gregory for 110 guineas.

THE colt by Blinkhoolie out of Forget-me-Not has been named *Dean of Worcester*. He is the property of Mr. James Turner, of Worcester.

PRESTON.—After riding Agar in the Rous Plate at Worcester, this jockey was reported for disobedience at the post, and the stewards suspended him from riding at the meeting the next day.

KING VICTOR.—After winning the Selling Stakes, Bretby Stakes Course, last Saturday, this two-year-old of Sir John Astley's was bought by C. Hayhoe for 200 guineas. He left on Wednesday for Germany, in company with Michowitz and Waisenknabe, both of whom were also successful in the Houghton week.



## SOUVENIRS OF INDIAN SPORT.



1. Head of the Indian Lion.  
2. Antlers of the Axis.  
3. Skull and Antlers of the Párá-singhá  
4. Antlers of the Sambur.



5. The Head of a Tiger.  
6. Skull and Antlers of a Barking Deer.  
7. Skull and Antlers of a Black Buck Antelope.  
8. Skull and Horns of a Four-horned Deer.  
9. Skull and Horns of a Ravine Deer.

## SOUVENIRS OF SPORT IN INDIA.

THERE are few countries where such a diversity of game is to be found as in British India, and the facility with which a traveller can now visit all parts of that immense empire has added considerably to the number of sportsmen who have made hunting expeditions to different parts of the country. Besides being a most interesting field for general travel, India offers to the sportsman incomparably the finest accessible hunting-grounds in the known world—except perhaps certain parts of Africa—and there is no other country that can show such a list of large game, or compare for minor sport with the endless array of bustard, pheasants, partridges, and water-fowl. If sport or the collection of trophies be the traveller's object, he can gratify his passion to the utmost extent in this the greatest of our dependencies, for here may be found the elephant, rhinoceros, buffalo; four species of wild bovines, including the mighty gaur, the largest of the race; and in felines the lion, tiger, panther, and two varieties of leopard; three varieties of bears; nine species of antlered deer, and fourteen species of antelope, ibex, wild goats, and wild sheep; to say nothing of almost innumerable varieties of other wild animals of less account, whose name is legion.

India is now so easy of access that in twenty-one days the traveller lands in Bombay, where he may at once complete his outfit, get camp equipage, stores, &c., and, by the help of a well filled purse and the railways, see almost the whole country south of the Himalayas, and enjoy magnificent shooting during the cool weather between October and March; when he would finish his tour by a month's cruise amongst the ibex, *Ovis ammon*, and other mountain game in Kashmir and Thibet, returning to England for the best part of the season in May.

The above engravings accurately represent most of the trophies which he would be likely to obtain in the way of large game during his trip. The first on the list, by right of his royal rank, is the lion of Guzerat, called in Hindi "aslan," which is certainly an inferior species to the African lion, or at any rate a much smaller variety. It differs also from the African lion in having a comparatively scanty mane, short tail, with a more conspicuous tuft. Underneath are the horns of the axis, spotted deer, or cheetah, a skull and antlers of the párá-singhá, or twelve-tined deer, and the antlers of the sambur, or rusa deer. These three are common throughout Central India, in the jungles surrounding the hill ranges. The axis (*Axis maculatus*) very much resembles the fallow deer, both in size and general appearance; but the horns have only one basal tine, and the beam branches in a terminal fork. The párá-singhá (*Rucervus Duvaucellii*), which is about the size of a Scotch red stag, is one of the handsomest of the deer tribe. His antlers differ from any other species, having but one basal tine over the forehead, no medium tines at all, and

all the other branches diverge from the terminal fork of the beam. The extreme spread of a fine pair of antlers is about 36 inches, whilst the measurement along the curve of each horn will be about 33 inches. The sambur (*Rusa Aristotelis*), the largest of the Indian deer, is unsurpassed in appearance by any of the race. His antlers very much resemble in form those of the spotted deer, except that they are much more massive and heavy. The horns of a fine full-grown sambur vary from 30 to 40 inches in length, are 10 inches round the base, and often exceed 30 lbs. in weight.

In the second plate is a rather nicely marked head of an adult tiger, and below are the skulls and horns of the kakur, or barking deer, a black buck, the male of the Indian antelope, the four-horned deer, and the chikara, or ravine deer. The barking deer (*Cervulus aureus*) is about the size of a roebuck, and has horns about 9 inches in length. The Indian antelope (*Antelope cervi-capra*) is one of the most graceful and elegant of the great antelope family. The horns are spiral, ringed from the base to within a few inches of the point, and diverging considerably at the tips. The largest pair of horns I have seen were 29 inches in length; but they were exceptional, and it is rare to find them more than 26 inches. The four-horned antelope are retiring little things, common in many parts of India, and generally found in pairs or families. The doe has no horns, whilst the buck has four distinct sheathed horns. The anterior pair seldom exceed 2 inches in length, whilst the posterior are some 4 or 5 inches long and set on high pedicles. The chikara, or ravine deer (*Gazella Bennettii*), is somewhat smaller than the black antelope, and its horns are rarely more than half the length, and bend backwards. Their favourite haunts are the thinly wooded shallow ravines, and low jungle adjacent to rivers, and they are very hard to stalk on account of their extreme watchfulness.

At the top of the third plate are the heads of the black panther, or kala taindwar (*Felis pardus*), the sloth bear (*Ursus labiatus*), and the ordinary panther. The first is a very rare and beautiful specimen of the Felidae, but sloth bears and ordinary panthers and leopards are common throughout India in most districts where there is any jungle or rocky ground. Underneath are the horns of an adult cow bison, a seven-year-old bull bison, and a very old bull bison, the patriarch of a herd. The bison (*Bos gaurus*), the largest of the bovine race, affords excellent sport, but unfortunately their range is becoming greatly contracted, and their numbers are diminishing. The horns of the old bull represented in the engraving measure 28 inches in length round the outside curve, and the extreme girth at the base is just under 20 inches. It was shot by my friend Burton in the Wynad forest, and considered a magnificent specimen.

In plate 4 is the skull of an Indian bull elephant, the head of a wild boar, and the skulls of the ibex of the Himalayas (*Capra*

*ibex*) and the Neilgherries (*Capra neilgherri*); the former, being 42 inches round the curve, are nearly four times the size of the latter, which rarely exceed 10 inches in length. The heads and horns from which these sketches were made were most of them picked specimens, remarkable for their size and symmetry, having formed part of a collection that took several years to get together; and they will give a very fair idea of the kind of game a sportsman may expect to meet with in a hunting cruise through India.

The next point to be considered is the preservation of the skins of such of the denizens of the forest as may be brought to bay.

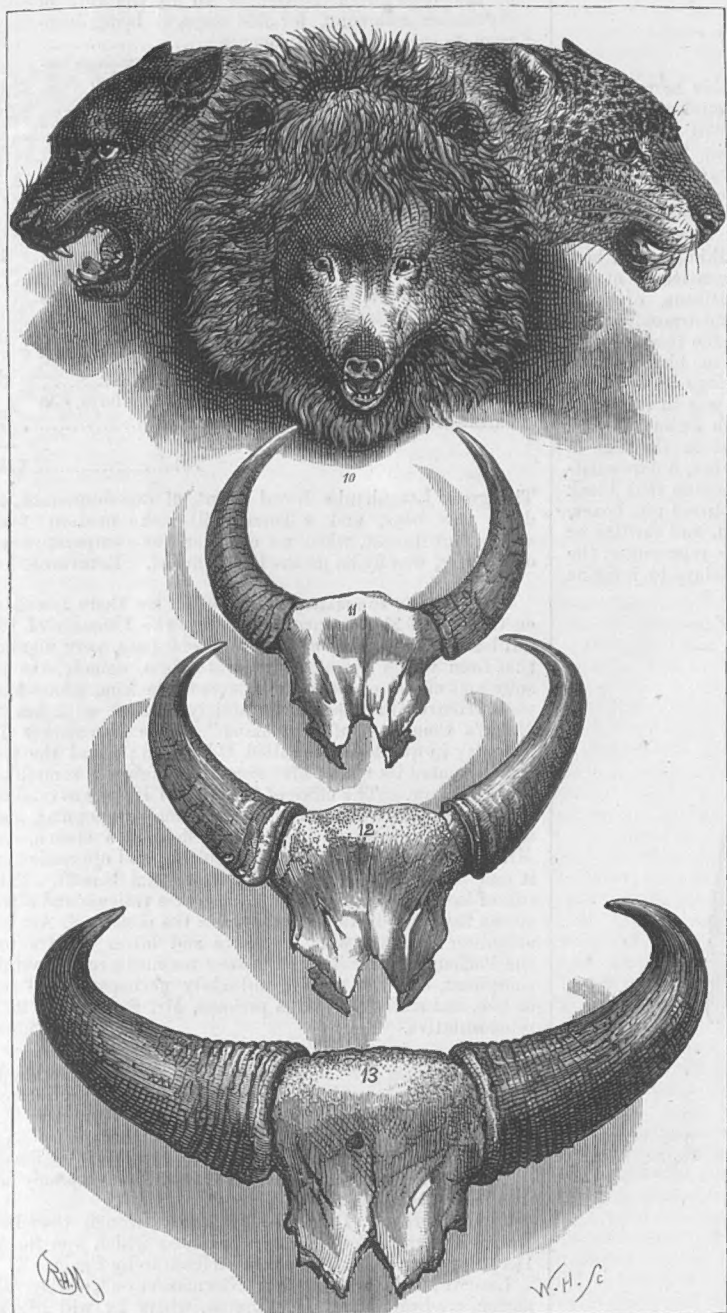
*The Treatment of Skins.*—Animals should be skinned as soon as possible after death, whilst the carcass is still warm, as the hide is then easily removed. In the larger Carnivora, such as a tiger, the animal should be lifted to the nearest level spot of open ground, and laid on his back with his four feet fastened spread-eagle fashion to the neighbouring trees. Then with your skinning knife cut from the corner of the lower jaw along the middle of the belly to the vent, and again four cuts from this centre line down the inside of each leg as far as the cushion of the paws, taking care to leave intact the natural features of the foot. You then commence removing the skin, beginning at the hind legs and tail, and then going to the fore ones, and when this and the belly and sides are finished, the ropes should be undone, and the animal turned on his belly and the hide removed from the back and head. Great care must be taken in separating the eyes, the lips, and the roots of the ears, if the skin is intended for stuffing. It must always be borne in mind that the value of the specimen preserved depends as much on the completeness with which all its natural features are saved as on the condition in which they are kept. Thus, if the rim of the eye-lids be severed by the scalpel, the injury is almost irremediable, as it completely changes the natural expression and cast of countenance. The lips must be also very carefully dissected from close round the gums, and after all the superfluous fat is scraped away, they should be thoroughly anointed with spirits of turpentine or arsenical soap and finely powdered alum. If possible, the skull, after being stripped of the flesh, should be kept for some days soaked in water, when the bones will become clean and white. If the skull is boiled, the component parts are very liable to come apart, and the teeth will crack and fall to pieces, which mars the effect when the animal is mounted. By exposing the skulls of elephants, the Carnivora, deer, or even the entire skeletons of the smaller mammals, near a nest of termites, or white ants, I have had the whole beautifully cleaned both inside and out in an incredibly short time, and when cleaned in this manner, the skulls do not fall to pieces.

Perhaps the best method of preparing a skin for transmission to England from India is simply to remove it carefully from the carcass, and, after having scraped away all superfluous fat and cleaned it, to cover the flesh side with finely powdered alum, and immerse it in a barrel of strong brine, the ingredients of which



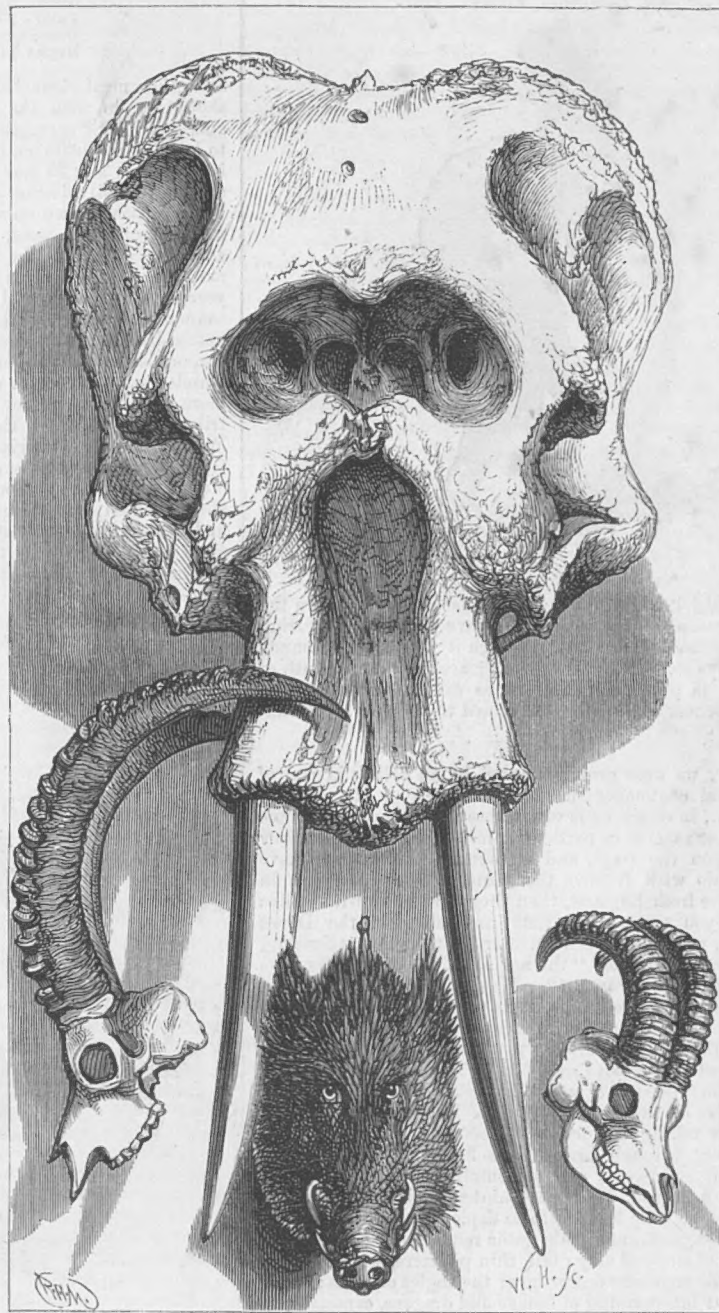
SOUVENIRS OF INDIAN SPORT.

3.



10. Head of a Black Panther.  
11. Head of a Sloth Bear.  
12. Head of a Panther.  
13. Horns of a Cow Bison.  
14. Horns of an Adult Bull Bison.  
15. Horns of a very Old Bull Bison.

4.



16. Skull and Tusks of an Indian Bull Elephant.  
17. Head of Wild Boar.  
18. Head of Himalayan Ibex.  
19. Head of Neilgherry Ibex.

should be six pounds of alum and two of salt to the gallon of water. This is perhaps the best and most inexpensive mode of preserving a skin which is intended to be sent any distance, as the brine does not affect the colour or cause the hair to fall off, which all preparations of lime are apt to do.

The ordinary mode of dressing a skin is as follows. The hide is laid on the ground with the fur side downward and kept stretched out by driving a number of wooden pegs or long nails round the edge. All the fat adhering to the skin is then removed, and wood ashes are well rubbed in, after which it is left exposed to the air to dry. In India, sometimes, a preparation of turmeric and cocoa-nut oil, or milk if procurable, is then worked in with the palm of the hand, and its effect is to make the hide pliant.

The Bedouin Arabs and the Abyssinians are the best hands at skinning I have yet seen, as they will draw off the entire skin of a large antelope, ibex, or goat, by only making one incision at the neck, so that the hide formed an excellent water mushuck, or flour bag, as shown in the engraving.

If any of the Carnivora are killed during a sporting excursion, when, from constantly moving about, the skin cannot be kept stretched for two whole days consecutively, the usual application, after removing all the fat and flesh as carefully as possible, is a little hullee (turmeric) and water; it is then thrown on a camel or any other mode of conveyance at hand, and perhaps never looked at again till the return of the party to cantonments.

It is then that the tanning process commences. First, have the hide steeped in clear water for some hours; put a layer of wood ashes on a level piece of ground, and when the hide is beginning to dry, peg it down, hair undermost, with numerous pegs (to prevent that unseemly Vandylke kind of edge, the result of an insufficiency of pegs), in just proportions; not too long for the sake of an extra foot of measurement, and thereby too narrow; or too broad, making it shorter than it was originally; about 18 inches longer than the measurement before skinning will be about the mark, as all skins stretch to some extent.

Next lay a coat of wood ashes (which are always attainable in the vicinity of the cook-room) and powdered alum in equal proportions, made into a paste, on the hide, about the thickness of a rupee. When this is well dried in the sun and begins to crack, get the shank bone of a buffalo, being the larger animal, and presenting a greater surface than that of a cow or bullock, saw off half the knuckle joint, and with this make your men rub off all the ashes and mixture, by dint of hard labour, and, when

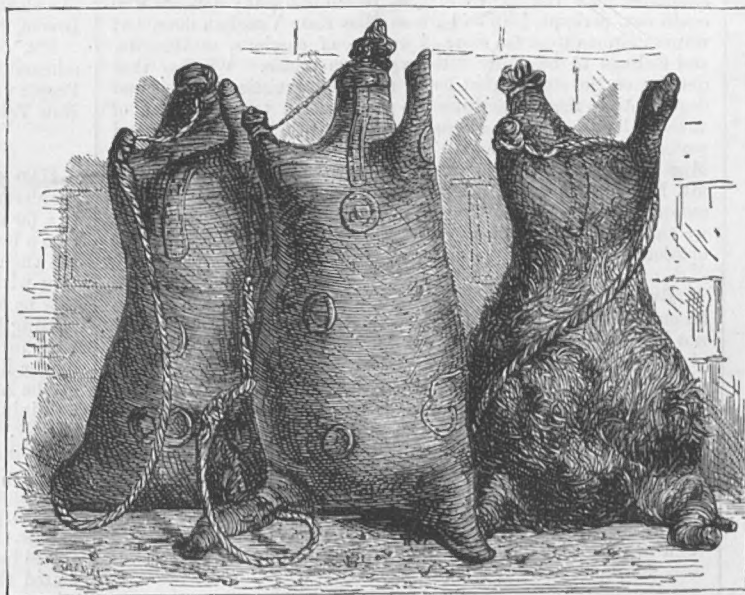
removed, let all the small fibres and ragged pieces of the skin be picked off; then lay on a second layer of ashes and powdered alum, which, after drying, is to be removed in the same manner. Should the skin be of a very old tiger, perhaps a repetition may be necessary, but in most cases twice is sufficient; the skin now becomes pliant as a glove, and no vicissitude of weather will affect it. Be very careful to protect it from

it would be as well if a regular orthodox system of taking the various dimensions were adopted, as, whilst one measures the length and girth of the animal as it lies where it fell, another contents himself with taking the measurement of the skin when flayed, stretched, and pegged out, not being aware that between these two modes of measurement there exists a difference of at least 2 or 3 feet in an animal the size of a tiger. Again, one will ascertain the length from the nose to the end of the tail over the head; another carries the string along the cheek, so as to have a perfectly straight line, thereby causing a difference of several inches.

Perhaps the following system is about the best for taking the measurement of any of the Mammalia:—

1. Length from the muzzle to the end of the tail, taken from the tip of the nose, over the crown of the head, the tape being carried along the centre of the neck and spine to the extremity of the tail.
2. From the muzzle to the insertion of tail (as before).
3. Length of tail.
4. Height of shoulder taken from the heel to the top of dorsal ridge.
5. Height at the croup.
6. Girth of body behind shoulder.
7. Girth of neck.
8. Girth of fore leg above the knee.
9. Circumference of head.
10. Breadth of forehead.
11. Length from toe to heel and across widest part of sole.
12. Length, girth, spread, and weight of horns.

If this system of measurement were adopted before the animal was skinned, we should hear no more of 14-foot tigers. The average length of a full-grown male, from the tip of nose to end of tail, is about 9 feet 6 inches, and of a tigress 8 feet 6 inches; and although tigers measuring 11 feet have been killed, like giants among men, they are few and far between. The skin of a 10-foot tiger will easily stretch to 13 or 14 feet if required, and all skins of the Felidae stretch considerably in the process of dressing. An ordinary tiger will weigh about 500 lbs., but large cattle-lifters have turned the scale at 800 lbs.



Water Mushucks or Flour Bags.

night dews, covering it with mats or dry grass, and removing them at sunrise.

When the heads of bison or stags are to be preserved, the neck should be cut off close to the body, as they can then be much better mounted than if severed close to the jaws.

On the Measurement of Animals.—As the comparative size of different specimens of the same variety of animals is an object of curiosity to the sportsman, and of value to the man of science,



BY THE BYE,

Hamlet being now the great topic of conversation, we venture to ask a question. If, when the Ghost appeared to Horatio,

"He wore his beaver up."



(to repeat an old joke) how was it that his face was seen? In the course of our reading and experience we have found that wearing the beaver up concealed the face, although it may not, of course, have been always so. In a contemporary account of the death of Lord Brook it is noted, for instance, as extraordinary, because "he wore his beaver up, and he was armed to the knee." Speaking of Hamlet,

BY THE BYE, we were greatly amused by an article in one of our architectural contemporaries, from the pen of Mr. Edward Godwin, F.S.A., in which he is very severe upon theatrical people in general, and managers in particular, for the way in which they put *Hamlet* upon the stage, and introduce matters which have "no more to do with Hamlet the Dane, whose uncle was in receipt of tribute from England, than they have to do with Julius Caesar." For you must know that England paid the Danes tribute in 1007, and in 1012 still greater tribute; and, therefore, says our architectural friend, "the neglected tribute" must have been that which was paid in 1012. Having made this important discovery, our learned mentor proceeds to inform managers how, instead of putting on the stage "a series of the most foolish and inane pictures the histrionic art has to show us," they may escape from "a conventional groove not of their making," and do that which he thinks Shakespeare would himself have us do were he alive, to "reflect on the great progress of knowledge among his audience," and taking our learned friend Mr. Godwin for his mentor, "present through his play the history in all the perfection of truthful accessories and surroundings." And first, Mr. Godwin would have you, Mr. Scene-painter, understand that for buildings of that day the features to be depicted are arched halls, pyramidal-shaped roofs, and plain gable roofs covered with wood, shingle, or tile of stone or clay; tall, thin pilasters, with capitals, and bases of rude structure occurring at the angles of walls; elaborate carving, flat intertwining of foliage and dragons, especially on the woodwork; florid ironwork on the doors, large open pinnacles, windows with square, semicircular, or triangular heads; loopholes for arrows; curtains, instead of doors, for interiors, &c. In the next place, the upholstery must be designed after the MS. of Cædmon, which "it is fortunate that we possess," and the property-man must explore the tombs of Vikings and Danes, in which are to be found the weapons of warfare, vessels, &c., of which they made use. In the next place, Mr. Costumier, your architectural and archaeological mentor, Mr. G., desires you to clothe the kings and princes in red, and all the rest of the characters in white and black. Hamlet must wear stockings with tops below his knees; a tunic of silk very full in the skirt, high up on the shoulders, reaching to the knee, slit down in front, so as to be put on over the head, and with the sleeves in wrinkles from the wrists to the elbows. His sword-blade must be "from 30 to 37 inches long, and double-edged," with "a guard curving away from the handle," and a large pommel inlaid with copper, silver, or gold. His shoes must lace from the toe to the ankle; his *ballet* shirt must be of linen, and on state occasions he must wear a mantle or cloak, fastened by a fibula on the right shoulder, and reaching a little below the tunic; but here let our pencil speak in a sketch of

HAMLET à la EDWARD GODWIN.



Now really isn't this riding the tail off one's hobby, Mr. Godwin? Just let us suppose that we had carried out Mr. Godwin's learned and elaborately detailed instructions to the very letter; that we had consulted the musty relics of the first century and

the illuminated MSS., had rearranged the scenery, costume, and properties, so as to make them harmonise with the rude old times of the Vikings, when

"There was Draupner, and Dolgraser:  
Har; Hangspere; Hlevangur; Gloe;  
Skryver; Virvir; Skalfidur; Ai;  
Alfur; Ingve, of Eekinskialdr;  
Falur; Frosti; Fidur; Sinar;  
Dore; Ore; Dufur; Andvere  
Heph; Fili; Haar; Sivar;"

and other mysterious beings with unpronounceable names, what should we do with the play itself? In the abundance of that charity which "covereth a multitude of sins," will Mr. Godwin to avoid absurdities and inconsistencies, far more "foolish and inane" than any he has yet witnessed on the stage, kindly make one more small addition to the favours he has bestowed upon us by just sitting down on some leisure day, or when he has nothing more important in hand, and rewriting *Hamlet*? For if his views are adopted, and yet he does not do this small thing for us, how extremely odd it will be to hear the ladies and gentlemen of the year one hundred and twelve talking of partisans, of great cannon "speaking earthly thunder," of complete armour, arras, kettle-drums, rapiers, foils, chopine, of roses on the shoes, and of accomplished players who represent tragedies in blank verse, founded on the stories of old Greece, &c., things having "no more to do with Hamlet the Dane, whose uncle was in receipt of tribute from England, than they have to do with Julius Caesar." What would Mr. Godwin have said had he lived in the time of Garrick, when a gentleman in a wig, knee-breeches, a flap waistcoat, silk stockings, shoes with buckles, and wearing that black stock—which every tragic actor used to wear—stirred pit, boxes, and galleries to a pitch of enthusiastic admiration, and thrilled or awed every observer by the power with which he represented the Prince of Denmark. It would be difficult nowadays to imagine that—

this is Hamlet—



yet such as he appears Hamlet was in days which, after all, are not so very far away.

BY THE BYE, speaking of historical plays, we were at Drury Lane the other night, and having endured the broad buffoonery and clever monkey-tricks of *Nobody in London*, we saw Andrew Halliday's dramatic version of Scott's "Talisman," with all its fine scenery and rich costumes, its processions, groupings, meaningless coloured lights, &c. What that "grand spectacular military drama" would be without Mr. Creswick and Miss Wallis is a subject too painful to contemplate. Accommodating itself with servile docility to the taste of the day, utterly regardless of consistency in costume, it provides us with the usual prodigal display of female charms, but a little really good dancing would have been worth more than all that bewildering display of legs in silken tights (some of them were very pretty). We saw very little of the grace, beauty, and poetry of motion, popularly associated with the ballet, and we remember many dancers who could not, perhaps, leap so high as Miss Kate Vaughan does, but whose motions were far more expressive of passions, sentiments, and feelings in harmony with expressive music. We fear that dancing on the stage is fast losing its refined artistic character and degenerating into something too nearly akin to the Córdax of ancient Greece, a loose dance introduced into the comedies and performed by those who were supposed to be elevated by wine. Miss Vaughan was only elevated by her active athletic partner, Mr. Fred Evans, but when we saw her above his head with her outstretched limbs bent at something curiously like right angles, we thought it was much the same thing in its result. Speaking of Scott's "Talisman," reminds us,

BY THE BYE, that Sir Walter Scott was a sportsman, and that he once narrowly escaped death in that character. As you may not have heard the story, we may repeat it. It was in the August of 1828, when he was enjoying a pleasant day's sport in the woods of Yarrow, and along the flat borders of the Tweed. One of his guest's guns being carried carelessly, butt foremost, got entangled with the brushwood, and went off full in the face of the great novelist, whose hat the bullet penetrated, quickly picking up which, Sir Walter, pointing to a hole in the brim, said good-humouredly, "Mr. G—, you have nearly done what all the reviewers and critics of the literary world could not effect—put an end to the Waverley Novels." Scott's love of sport may be gleaned from the fact that there is scarcely one of his novels in which it does not figure more or less prominently.

BY THE BYE, in "Guy Mannering," he gave us a very interesting picture of the primitive way in which our forefathers used to hunt foxes amongst crags and woods inaccessible to horsemen. Indeed, although this is hard to believe, it is scarcely two hundred years since the fox was invariably taken in nets, or traps, and as an animal of chase was regarded with contempt. Our old Norman ancestors do not appear to have hunted the fox, and a contemporary not long since stated that the first intimation we have of the existence of foxhunting crops up in a charter granted to the Abbot of Peterboro' in the reign of the second Richard. But this is a mistake, the writer had evidently not seen an account of the comptroller of the wardrobe of Edward I., which was printed

many years ago by the Society of Antiquarians, and in which the following curious account appears:—

Paid to William de Foxhunte, the king's huntsman of foxes in divers forests and parks, for his own wages, and the wages of his two boys, to take care of the dogs from November 20 to the 19th of November following, for 366 days, it being leap-year, to each, per day, twopence	9 3 0
Paid to the same for the keep of twelve fox-dogs belonging to the king, for the same time, each dog, per day, a halfpenny	9 3 0
Paid to the same the expense of a horse to carry the nets, from November 20 to the last day of April, 163 days, threepence per day	2 0 9
Paid to the same for the expense of a horse, from September 1 (on which day the hunting season began), after the dead season, to the 19th of November, 80 days, at threepence per day	1 0 0
Paid to William de Blatherwyck, huntsman of the king's fox-dogs, for winter shoes for himself and his two boys, to each of them two shillings and fourpence	0 7 0
Paid to the same for his habit during the present year	0 13 4
Paid to the same for his habits for his two boys, ten shillings each	1 0 0
Total	£23 7 1

The great Longshanks Royal Hunt, of one huntsman, a dozen dogs, two boys, and a horse, will make modern foxhunters smile; but its cost, when we consider the comparative value of our money, was by no means insignificant. Returning,

BY THE BYE, to matters dramatic, we see there is a disposition on the part of Mr. Spencer Ponsonby, the Licensor of Plays, to fall back upon sundry and various old laws, very significant of that from which his office had its origin, namely, the personal spite and malice of certain ministers of the king whose follies and vices Henry Fielding had publicly lashed with his "Great Mogul's Company of Comedians" at the Haymarket Theatre. The play in question was called "Pasquin;" and the papers of the day noted its run of fifty successive nights as something truly extraordinary. The office of Licensor of Plays was established in 1737 by an Act which was then extremely unpopular, and called forth the eloquence of Lord Chesterfield in a speech, which, if Mr. Ponsonby perseveres in his insulting and oppressive conduct, it may be as well to reprint for his special benefit. Pamphlets full of logical reasoning, or wit, or coarse ridicule and abuse came out at that time in throngs to oppose the obnoxious Act; but the offending ministers were too fierce and bitter to give way, and the Parliament dreaded their power too much to be anything but compliant, and so the bill, unluckily perhaps, passed into law, and so, unluckily, without a perhaps, Mr. Ponsonby is its present representative.

A. H. DOUBLEYEW.

ALMONER has gone into Hall's stable, Richmond, to be trained. WHISTLER was sold to Mr. Holman for 75 guineas after winning the Shorts Selling Stakes at Worcester on Wednesday.

CALYPSO.—This mare was sold to Mr. Stevens for 65 guineas after winning the Visitors' Plate at Worcester on Wednesday.

DALBRECK, who was sold at Tattersall's on Monday last, goes into Saunders's stable.

THE VICTORIA DERBY.—We learn through Greville's Australian Telegram Company that the horse which won the Victoria Derby was Mr. John Tait's colt Melbourne by Panic.

LEOPARD.—This horse left Newmarket on Tuesday, his destination, we hear, being Leamington, where he will likely be put through his paces for cross-country sport.

SPENNITHORNE.—We hear that this horse has been turned out of training—it is said for the present, but it is not at all improbable that his career on the Turf has been brought to a close.

THE LIVERPOOL CUP.—Of the 95 subscribers to the above handicap, 63 have paid the entrance forfeit of 3 sovs. each, leaving 32 acceptors in all.

OXFORD MIXTURE.—This mare, by winning the Great Tom Stakes, has incurred a penalty of 14 lbs. for the Shropshire Handicap, bringing her weight up to 8 st. 4 lbs.

SHREWSBURY ACCEPTANCES.—To the Great Shropshire Handicap there are 52 acceptances, and for the Shrewsbury Cup 36, out of an entry respectively of 124 and 83. The weights for the Cup are raised 4 lbs.

PAGEANT.—Mr. Gomm's Pageant, by his victory at Brighton on Tuesday, incurs a penalty of 9 lbs. in the Liverpool Cup, and 14 lbs. in the Shrewsbury Cup, his weight for each handicap, inclusive of the penalty, being 6 st. 13 lbs.

TAMBOURINE.—The pedigree of this mare, the winner of the Military Cup at Brighton on Tuesday, was incorrectly given. She should have been described as by Kettledrum out of The Broom, by Van Tromp.

MR. MONTAGUE recently sprained his ankle severely while rehearsing the leap in *The Romance of a Poor Young Man*. People who have weak ankles should not attempt feats of strength. Now Toole can say with old Capulet:

"But Montague is bound as well as I  
In penalty alike."

HAD the Duke of Clarence lived a few centuries later, his murderers might have disposed of their objectionable relative in a far easier and more gentlemanly manner than by tipping him into a butt of wine. In the present day they might have carried out their design in quite as efficient a manner, and at the same time without their crime being even suspected. All that would now be necessary would be to invite him to dine, and instead of putting him into the wine, put the wine into him—that is to say, what in most instances now passes as wine, but which, as shown by the Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Adulteration of Food Act, is a decoction not only pernicious and injurious to health, but absolutely poisonous if taken constantly. This Report, which is now published, is likely to prove most interesting to the wine drinker, as showing him what unprincipled wine merchants will endeavour to palm off upon him, and at the same time will enable him to learn—at all events with respect to sherry—where he can procure a really genuine article. In answer to the Committee's enquiries, Dr. Bartlett, to whom had been submitted for analysis the various kinds of sherry, stated that "Manzanilla" was a pure, excellent, and wholesome wine; and, when much pressed by Lord Barrington and another member as to whom he had obtained the specimen of, stated that Messrs. Stapleton and Co., of Regent Street, had supplied it. This wine, which is sold at the wonderfully low price of 30s. per dozen, is, according to Dr. Bartlett's report, an admirably flavoured dry sherry of low alcoholic strength, gently stimulant, and thoroughly wholesome, and one which he not only recommends to all those careful in the choice of sherry, but also endorses this opinion by always using it at his own table. Now that, on the authority of such an able analyst as Dr. Bartlett, a pure sherry is to be obtained at so moderate a price, let us hope that the nasty liquid which is but too often found on our friends' sideboards, and is politely termed "sherry," will entirely disappear.



## Sporting Intelligence.

### RACING RETROSPECTIVE AND PROSPECTIVE.

"It seems to be the fate of man, to seek all his consolations in fatuity. The time present is seldom able to fill desire or imagination with immediate enjoyment, and we are forced to supply its deficiencies by recollection or anticipation."—Dr. Johnson.

NOTWITHSTANDING the wide-spread interest that attached to the recent Cambridgeshire, it cannot be denied that a duller "last week" has not been known at the head-quarters of the Turf for many years; and had it not been for the great match between "The Prince of the T.Y.C." and the winner of the last of the Great Autumn Handicaps, few would have remained for the close of the proceedings. The continuation of my remarks on the racing of Friday and Saturday shall be touched off in as few words as the subject will admit, being well aware of the little interest excited by a twice told tale, be it ever so well narrated. The Post Match between Lords Falmouth and Lonsdale afforded the public another opportunity of seeing Garterly Bell stripped, as with F. Archer in the saddle he carried Lord Falmouth's colours against The Duke of Rutland, who did battle for Lord Lonsdale with Custance up. The professionals were content to take 100 to 8 that the Criterion victor didn't win, while in reality it was a thousand pounds to a nut shell, for he never let his opponent near him from start to finish, his fine style of going quite confirming the good impression he made on Monday; and that Garterly Bell has a very great career before him is my conviction, as he gallops like a thorough stayer. Very few of the owners of the twenty-two horses engaged in the Third Welter Handicap were content with the weights given them, as they declared the smaller forfeit for seventeen of them, and of the five that remained only three ran. But even then the "talent" failed to pick the winner, as they made Tranquillity the favourite, but from start to finish she had no chance with the strapping Munden, who thus got back for Mr. Howett his purchase money, 300 guineas, the first time of asking; and he is yet destined to do him good service, as he is just the shaped horse likely to distinguish himself over the country as well as on the flat. The Rowley Handicap was very near being a "genuine" turn up for the fielders, as Genuine, who was not backed for a rap, was within a head of upsetting a great pot on Carmelite, who, considering his age and antecedents, though they are not very brilliant, was fairly turned loose with 5st 9lb. Besides Genuine the Bedford Lodge stable ran Xanthus, whom the gentlemen training with Joseph Dawson backed in preference, but he again disappointed them, being able to get no nearer than third. The two Cambridgeshire horses, Gamecock and Benedictine, also started, but they ran the mile course no better than the mile and a quarter, thus affording further proof of the indifference of the Cambridgeshire horses. Bedford Lodge was more fortunate in the Selling Stakes, which Bergamot won easily, but defeated such an indifferent field that there was no advance on the 300 guineas for which he was entered to be sold. The great race of the day, the Jockey Club Cup, lost much of its interest by the withdrawal of Apology, whom "Mr. John" wisely declined running after the evidence he had on the preceding afternoon of her being quite out of form. It then looked a "good thing" for Gang Forward, who was never previously in such blooming condition, and those who were aware of that fact, and that Alex. Taylor, who has lately been very unwell, had come specially to see him run, benefited accordingly. His opponents were Christiana, Lilian, Feu d'Amour, and La Courseuse, but for any chance any of them had, they might as well have remained in their several stables. Christiana ran no better than in the "second week," and the indifferent running of La Courseuse showed what a great mistake was made by not coming through with Aventurière when the French filly beat her for the Newmarket Oaks, as at Manton she was known to be the superior of Gang Forward at weight for age. The result of the Feather Plate was disastrous to the backers of the German horse Bertrand, who, although he had run indifferently in the Cambridgeshire Trial Plate, was believed to be "able to stay all day." Plutus had got a good stayer in Flageolet, and Bertrand was supposed to be gifted with a like ability, but he was the very first beaten of the five runners, the winner turning up in the French-bred Nougat, a son of Consul and Nébuleuse, who galloped all his opponents to a standstill, and won by twelve lengths, which little Rossiter might have doubled had he wished.

In the spring he had been claimed out of the Anglo-French stable, after which he ran indifferently at some of the suburban meetings, but won the Maiden Plate at Chelmsford and the Hurst Selling Stakes at Hampton, in the latter of which he beat Darlington, who was here second to him. He consequently only now did what he had accomplished before, but the style in which he did it was regarded to be so good that Mr. T. Jennings bought him at Austin's for 700 guineas, and he goes back to the French stable, a very dear horse in my opinion, but nevertheless it is encouraging to breeders to see stayers will fetch a good price as well as speedy ones. The All-aged Selling Race was won easily by May Day, the very handsome daughter of Thormanby and Blue Bell, but being fired on both knees, there was no bid for her beyond the 150 guineas she was entered to be sold for. The best behind her was Peine du Cœur, a little hollow-backed filly by Fripponier, who gallops fast, but can't stay. The All-aged Stakes will long be remembered as the race that led to the Match being made between Peut-être and Prince Charlie. With 3 and 4 to 1 on him, it was won by the latter, who was only opposed by Novateur and Montargis, neither of whom could get near The Prince, when, after running a quarter of a mile, Parry brought him to the fore. A more hollow victory Prince Charlie had hardly ever previously accomplished, consequently Harry Jennings could not have obtained his measure with Montargis, and yet The Prince had hardly weighed in when the French trainer proposed to run him for 500 guineas a side with the Cambridgeshire winner at weight for age. Such a challenge took everybody by surprise, being regarded as a most Quixotic

proceeding on the part of the challenger, but when H. Jennings loudly proclaimed that he meant it, Joseph Dawson, after a brief consultation with Mr. Jones, his breeder and owner, immediately acceded to the proposition, which was no sooner done than 700 to 400 was betted on the "Prince of the T.Y.C.," a price which ruled during the afternoon, although one of his most enthusiastic admirers laid as much as 500 to 200 on him. The excitement occasioned by the Match and the wagering thereon was no bar, however, to some heavy speculation on the remaining events of the afternoon. For the Selling Nursery, opinions were at first pretty equally divided between Esmeralda and Skippon, but the weight of money behind the former gave her the call at last; and this pretty filly, who had disappointed Prince Batthyany and his friends earlier in the week, won, with a good bit in hand, and entered to be sold for 100 sovs., was bought at auction by Mr. Brain for 250 guineas. The Old Nursery was a great failure compared with the Nurseries of ten years ago, as the field numbered only five. All the party had backers, but the most money went on to Town Crier and Woodlands—a strange proceeding as regards the latter, who had been recently amiss. The winner turned up in Trojan, an exceedingly clever-shaped, handsome colt, by Adamas out of Remnant, by Neville, her dam, Termagant, by Turcoman out of Urganda, by Teresia. Being thus well bred, his winning was no surprise to his owner or trainer, or those who had watched his performance at the suburban meetings, when he was successful at Kingsbury, as he was subsequently at Wolverhampton and Radcliffe. At match making, Lord Lascelles proved no match for Mr. Sturt, the former having set his very sweet filly, La Jeunesse, to give her a year and 14lb to Beechnut—a feat she was quite unable to accomplish, although most of the *cognoscenti* feared she could, as they betted as much as 13 to 8 on her.

The great match proved to be the mainstay of Saturday's proceedings; for, notwithstanding the immense number of horses in training at Newmarket, and that a field numbering no fewer than forty-two horses contested the Cambridgeshire, the Second Cambridgeshire Handicap failed to secure the necessary number of subscribers to make it a race. And the popular old standing race, the Houghton Handicap, was within an ace of sharing the same fate, as it had to be reopened; and even then the entries fell short of the required number, so it would have fallen through, had not the authorities consented to give the added money. Nor was that the worst of it, for three other proposed races fell through, and Saturday's card was the poorest issued at Newmarket for half a century, comprising, as it did, only four races besides the Match. The wagering over-night ruled the same as on the course; and although no good judge of racing could look on the Match otherwise than a certainty for Prince Charlie, there were plenty of takers of 7 to 4. The pencils were kept busy also on the Liverpool Autumn Cup, the continuous outlays on Vanderdecken giving him a long precedence, 8 to 1 being freely accepted about him whenever offered; while the next most famed was the Northern horse, Servia, trained by Elliott at Richmond, against whom 12 to 1 was the highest offer. Louise Victoria was backed at 100 to 6, while 20 to 1 was taken about Spectator and Flurry, and 25 to 1 was several times noted down about Asceite, a three-year-old colt by The Hermit out of Lady Alicia, in Dalham's stable. Pompadour and Freeman were backed two or three times at 40 to 1. Though, owing to the few races to be got through, the first event was not set until one o'clock, there was little or nothing doing at the rooms in the morning, when the assemblage was so limited that it betokened a poor gathering on the Heath. It proved to be, however, more numerous than anticipated; but, nevertheless, a general dullness prevailed, which even the great match failed, in any great measure, to relieve, as only those who invariably make it a rule "to take odds" could see it in any other light than a certainty for Prince Charlie. An All-aged Selling Race opened the proceedings, in which old Lincoln was backed against his three opponents, Vertie, Inez, and Independence, the latter of whom won easily, and was bought at auction by Capt. Warburton for 220 guineas. The Houghton Handicap proved to be a failure in every way, for of the sixteen horses weighted, only seven accepted, and one declining to go to the post, only six contested this once famous race, upon which I have often seen thousands wagered. The betting was now all one way, for the Finesse gelding, who has been recently named Castle Willan, after the seat of his late lamented owner, Lord Annesley, somehow got in so well that he at once became a hot favourite at 2 to 1, and he achieved an easy victory by four lengths from Slumber, whom he had previously beaten this year at a much less difference of weight. The Two-year-old Selling Stakes fell to Selborne, after a very close set-to with Touch-a-Tout, with whom he got in such close proximity in the few last strides that cannon seemed inevitable, and gave rise to an objection against the winner, but Touch-a-Tout's owner could not prove her to have been touched, and consequently the judge's verdict remained unchanged. If Sir George Chetwynd failed in getting the race, he determined on having his conqueror, whom he bought at auction for 410 guineas, Selborne thus proving for the second time a very good find to the race-fund. The All-aged Selling Race, which followed, also did good service to the race-fund, as King Victor, to whom it fell, realised 200 guineas at auction, being bought by Mr. C. Hayhoe to go to Germany; and very cheap he was, considering that La Gelée, with whom he ran a dead heat at the top of the town in the "second week," brought upwards of 300 guineas, when Tom Jennings bought her in. The Admiral had a cut in against King Victor with Astrafiamante, but she could get no nearer than second, being beaten a neck, while behind the pair were Fleurange, Earl Marshall, and Beaufort, the latter of whom will make a useful horse next year. The time for the great match having now arrived, the enclosure became crowded by those anxious to have a close view of the famous belligerents. Both had been for some time previous in the enclosure, The Prince pacing around it in his usual quiet manner, unconscious of all the excitement he had so great a share in creating, while Peut-être stood in one of the stables, with his lad at his head, as quiet and unconcerned as if he had been at home in his own

stable. Both showed that they possessed fine tempers, but there the similarity ended. In stature, size, and quality, the foreigner, though equally as fashionably bred, could bear no comparison with Charlie, who is indeed every inch a Prince, and the very *beau-idéal* of the race-horse, while Peut-être, on the contrary, bears more resemblance to a clever hunter of the old Irish type, being a very close knit-horse, possessing great bone, with fine shoulders, deep brisket, and strong back and quarters, but, withal, slightly low-hocked. From this description, it will be seen that the French horse was quite outclassed. It was in fact so far as appearances went, the oft quoted wagger of "All Lombard Street to a china orange" on the Prince, and how such a practical clever judge of racing as Harry Jennings has proved himself to be could have been so led away as to throw down the gauntlet to the best T.Y.C. horse of modern days, and who showed, by winning the Two Thousand, that he could compass the Rowley Mile, does indeed seem strange. And it does seem stranger still how he could have made such a match when had he only given it due consideration it was like putting Prince Charlie in the Cambridgeshire with 7st 9lb! It followed that the result was never in doubt, for Peut-être had to take a stride and a half to Charlie's one, and although Chaloner tried all he knew, he could never get out of the big 'un's way, who won in a canter with some 10lb in hand. Always a popular horse with the Newmarket people, ever since he brought a lot of money into the town by winning the Two Thousand, the scene of exultation which followed his success beggars description. Shouts, loud and continuous, rent the air, through which hats were hurled in every direction. Red and white banners—the colours in which he was ridden in all his great races—were unfurled; and no sooner had Parry dismounted and weighed in than his breeder, Mr. Jones, was made to take his place on the back of The Prince, and with Jos. Dawson—the trainer who knew so well how to bring him fit to the starting-post—at his head, a cavalcade was formed, and the idol of the public was thus, as it were, carried in triumph through the town to his training quarters at Bedford Lodge, amid a scene of enthusiasm never previously witnessed at Newmarket. Further there is no occasion in these columns to refer to the doings of this great horse, for in the very first number of this journal his portrait is given, and his history recorded in full. His last victory was, however, by no means his greatest, for defeating Peut-être at weight for age adds but little to his laurels, as the French horse, in my opinion, gained his great Cambridgeshire victory entirely owing to his ability to act up hill, for which he is particularly well-shaped. That Peut-être is a fair horse, there can be no question, but he performed no better in the Cambridgeshire than he had previously done in the Cesarewitch, proof of which was afforded by the position—a good fourth—held by Aventurière in the Cambridgeshire. It was there quite evident that, had it not been for the 7lb extra, and her getting shut in among a lot of beaten horses, she might have finished second, and it is my conviction that at weight for six she will always beat the Cambridgeshire winner over a distance of ground. That being so, Peut-être, if 3000 guineas were given for him by Count Lagrange, which I very much question, must be regarded as a very dear horse.

In respect to the Middle Park Plate, I am glad to be able to state that the race will be continued, the stewards of the Jockey Club having assented to the proposition of the principal breeders to find the £500 added money. Following in the footsteps of his worthy sire, Mr. Wm. Blenkiron proposed to find that sum himself, sooner than that the race should fall to the ground. And a proposition of a like nature was made by Mr. Gee, but seemingly with an eye of its being a good advertisement for his stud, as he only proposed to give that sum on condition of the name of the race being changed to that of the Dewhurst Stakes. Had the Newmarket authorities not assented to the continuation of the race at "head-quarters," there was no fear of the Middle Park Plate falling to the ground or having its name changed, as Mr. Frail, acting on the power of the company which has recently formed the fine course in the vicinity of Bristol, was prepared to give the money for the continuance of that popular race.

For so late a period of the year the racing has, this week, been extraordinary, as most successful meetings have been held at Worcester, Lincoln, Brighton, and Lewes. Of these, Lincoln, on account of the patronage bestowed upon it by Sir J. D. Astley, Mr. Chaplin, and other influential residents in that sporting county, attracted the largest company, and the meeting may be put down as the most successful autumn gathering held on the Carlholme. The straight mile is now admirably going, and in consequence the Great Tom Stakes attracted to the starting-post a field of eleven horses, which, considering that it was generally regarded as a certainty for Oxford Mixture after her forward running in the Cambridgeshire, was very fair. The contest was not, however, a very brilliant one, and Mr. Tattersall's assertion, when selling Oxford Mixture last week, to Captain Warburton, "that she could not lose," was fully borne out by her cantering past the winning chair two lengths in advance of the little French filly, Aureo, next to whom was Delay. Lord Gowran, on the strength of being third for the Cambridgeshire, was after the winner held to have the best chance, but he ran very indifferently, as did Mr. Winkle also, thus furnishing further proof of how very indifferent were the horses Peut-être beat in the Cambridgeshire. Tangible ran fast, but a mile is more than he cares to travel. Mr. Chaplin was fortunate in no fewer than three events, which he won with Morocco, Brenda, and Nasturtium, the two latter being favourites for their respective races. For the Hunters' Hurdle Race, Contentment, who was ridden by Mr. Dalglish, was a great "pot," but was beaten by Tom Findar, who was at first made the favourite. None of the races brought to issue at any of the meetings much affected future events, beyond the Great Tom Stakes, the success of Oxford Mixture for which gives her a 14lb penalty for the Great Shropshire Handicap at Shrewsbury, which puts her entirely out of court.

\* \* The remainder of our Correspondent's letter had not come to hand at the time of going to press.

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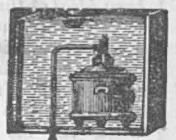
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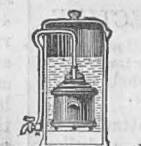


And superior to all others, *Vide* Professor Frankland's Report to the  
Registrar-General, July, 1863, November, 1867, and May, 1870. The  
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MEASURE: Only measure required is the width round  
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your Eye Liquid. Please send it by return as I cannot  
possibly do without it. It is doing me good, and I think another  
will make a perfect cure.—Yours truly, J. YARWOOD.

Sudden, near Rochdale, Lancashire, Sept. 29, 1873.

Mr. Ede.—Sir,—Will you please send me another  
bottle of your American Eye Liquid at 2s. 9d. The last  
has done me a great deal of good, and I think another  
will make a perfect cure.—Yours truly, J. YARWOOD.

Gower-road, near Swansea, Sept. 29, 1873.

Sir,—I am happy to inform you that the bottle of  
Eye Liquid I received from you has quite cured my  
eyes, after years of near-sight. I would recommend it  
to all miners and others with weak eyes.

Yours respectfully, GEORGE HOPKINS.

The following is an extract from the *Official "Lloyd's  
List"* of June 19, 1874:—"The Human Eye and its  
Diseases."—Few persons are aware how marvellously  
beautiful and complex a structure is the organ of vision,  
nor is it possible for us within the limited space of a  
mere paragraph to explain the various peculiarities so  
fully that our readers might obtain only an abstract  
notion thereof. Volumes have already been devoted to  
the subject by eminent oculists, and other surgical  
authorities; poets and philosophers also have eulogised  
the wondrous and charming influences of this "window  
of the soul" and "queen of the senses," but our purpose  
in these brief remarks is not that of an essayist, but  
rather an allusion to the minor ailments to which the  
eyes of most people are so frequently subject and ex-  
posed, more particularly those resident in tropical or  
humid latitudes, such as dimness, weakness, watery,  
sore, or inflamed eyes; forms of disease which,  
though oftentimes purely local, are exceedingly  
troublesome and painful to the sufferer, and  
if neglected for a length of time may possibly be-  
come a constitutional disorder. It may be observed,  
also, that many eye lotions used are absolutely dan-  
gerous in the hands of unskilled persons, because of  
certain strong chemicals or poisonous properties which  
they contain. One specific, however, for alleviating  
the affections alluded to has recently been brought  
under our notice, supported by innumerable testi-  
monials of an entirely voluntary character from all  
parts of the kingdom, attesting unquestionably with  
reference to many difficult and long standing cases its  
speedy efficacy of cure. We allude to the *Patent Eye  
Liquid*, prepared solely by Mr. John Ede, of the Birch-  
field Road, Birmingham. We have been assured that  
this preparation has given complete relief to many who  
had been previously treated unsuccessfully in some of  
the leading hospitals, and as may readily be imagined,  
is much sought after in districts where it has become  
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NOTICE.—In consequence of the Wonderful Cures  
and Great Sale, the PATENT EYE LIQUID now com-  
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and see that you get EDE'S PATENT AMERICAN  
EYE LIQUID on each Label. Sold in every town in  
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Neuralgia, Sciatica, Bronchitis, and all disorders of the  
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far too numerous to admit of publication. Sold in  
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when cured.

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Chemist or Patent Medicine Vendor in the World.



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